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BLUE BOLT

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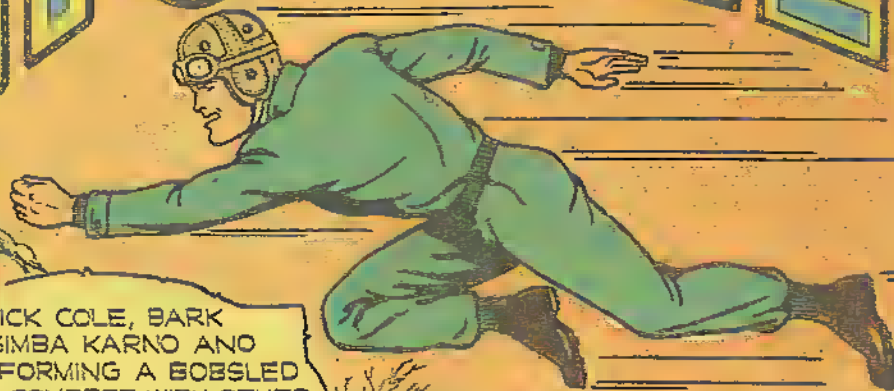
BLUE BOLT



VOL. 7 — NO. 9

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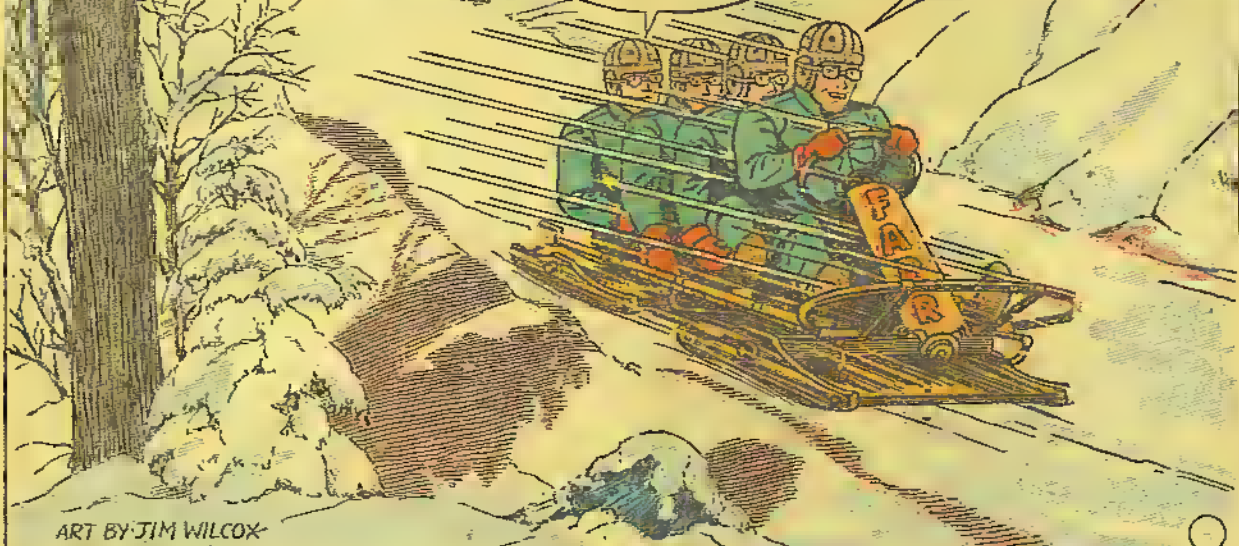
DICK COLE



DICK COLE, BARK HALL, SIMBA KARNO AND SLIF'RY, FORMING A BOBSLED TEAM TO COMPETE WITH OTHER SCHOOLS, PRACTICE AT THE SNOW PEAK LOOGE RUN, A FEW HOURS' DRIVE FROM FARR MILITARY ACADEMY.

KEEP YOUR EARS INSIDE YOUR HELMET, SLIF'RY, SO THEY WON'T SLOW US DOWN!

WHE-E-E!
OH, BOY,
WHAT A THRILL!
WHOOPS!



ART BY JIM WILCOX

Robert D. Wheeler, Editor and General Manager; Jane Spaulding Nye, Managing Editor; Mel Cummin, Art Director; Helen Dolg Schmid, Associate Editor; Alfred V. Fago, Art Consultant. BLUE BOLT, Vol. 7, No. 9, February, 1947, published monthly by Novelty Press Division of The Premium Service Co. Inc. P. O. Box 1198, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa., editorial offices, 119 West 19th Street, New York 11, N. Y. Printed in U. S. A., copyright, 1946, by The Premium Service Co. Inc. Price 10 cents per copy. Subscription price \$2.00 per year in U. S. A. Member of The Premium Group of Comics. Entered as Second-Class matter, March 20, 1940, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa., under Act of March 3, 1879. No living person named or delineated in this magazine except historical personages.

THE END OF THE
LINE! ON WITH THE
BRAKES, BARK!

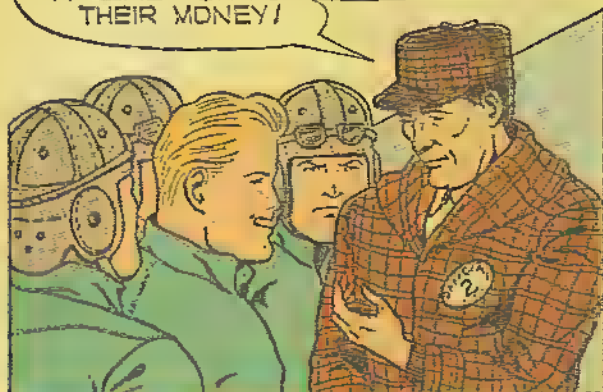


GREAT RUN, DICK!
BUT THIS IS NO SPORT
FOR PEOPLE WITH WEAK
HEARTS! WHEW! I THOUGHT
WE WERE SURE GOING
OVER AT KILLER CURVE!

YES, THAT
WAS CLOSE.
WELL, LET'S
CHECK OUR
TIME.



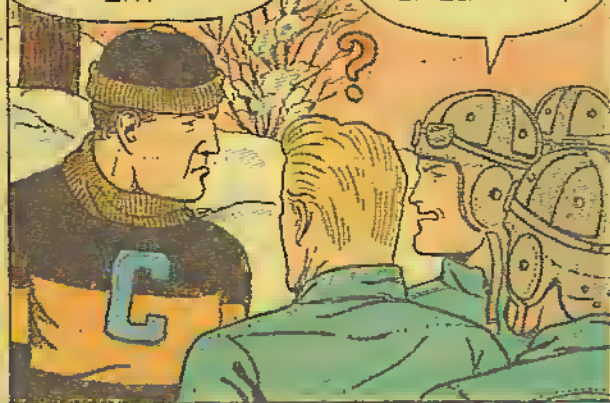
ONE MINUTE AND FIFTY-SIX
SECONDS! DARNED GOOD TIME
YOU KIDS MADE. KEEP IT UP AND
YOU'LL GIVE THE CANNONBALLS
A REAL RUN FOR
THEIR MONEY!



A STRANGER JOINS THE GROUP.

DID I HEAR
SOMEBODY MENTION
THE CANNONBALLS,
EH?

YOU DID,
AND JUST WHO
ARE THE CANNON-
BALLS...EH?



THE CANNONBALLS
ARE THE BEST SEMI-PRO
BOBSLED TEAM THERE
IS, SEE? I'M CAPTAIN,
AND WE BEAT TWERPS
LIKE YOU, DRAGGIN'
OUR FEET OVER
THE SIDE.

BLANK
CARTRIDGES
MAKE A BIG
NOISE, AND TALK
IS CHEAP, BIG
BOY! WE'LL GIVE
YOU A RACE
ANY TIME...AND
TAKE YOU!

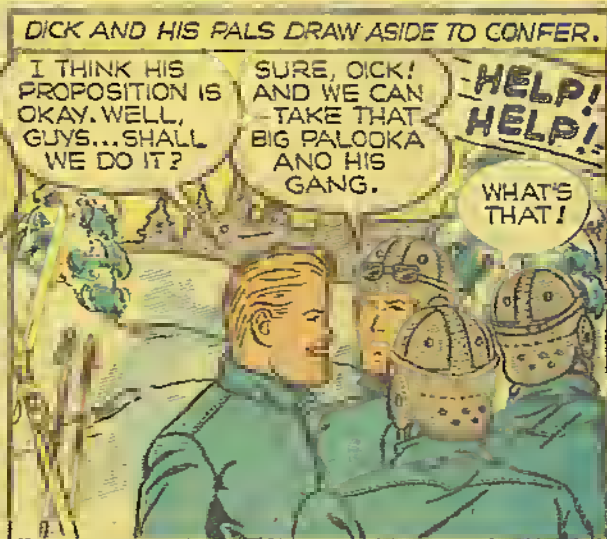
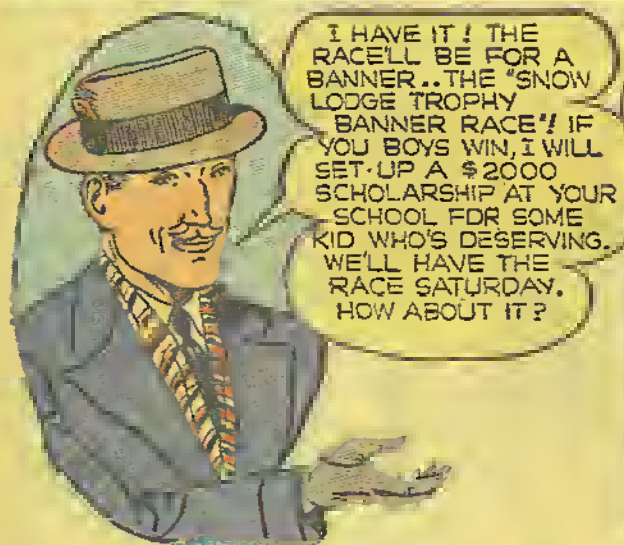
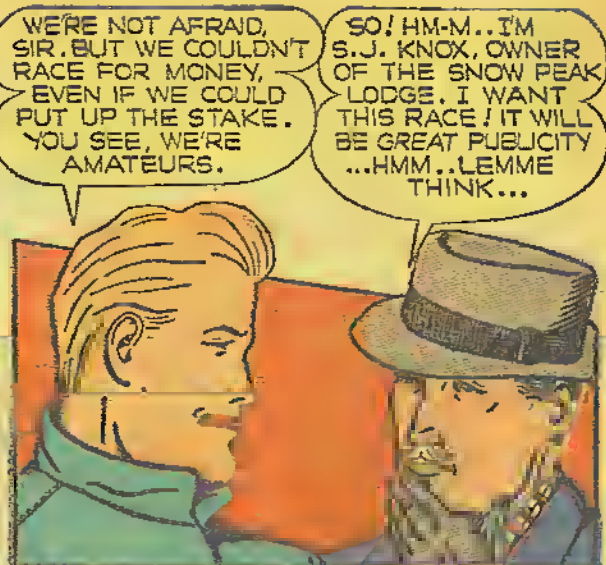


YOU'RE ON,
WET NOSE! ANY
TIME, FOR ONE
THOUSAND BUCKS!
PUT UP, OR
SHUT UP!

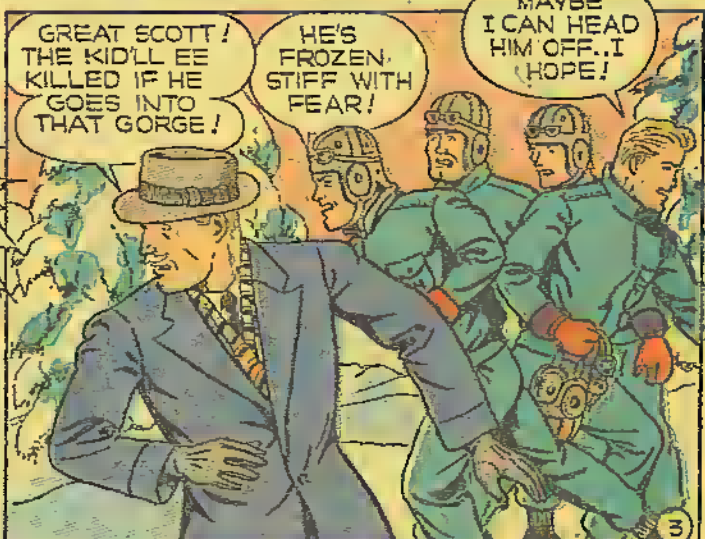
WOW! ONE
THOUSAND
BUCKS!
THAT'S OUT
OF OUR
LEAGUE!

HERE!
HERE!
WHAT'S
ALL THIS
ABOUT?





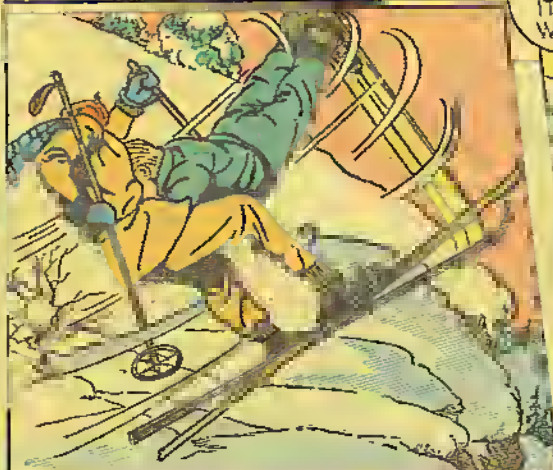
"CARROT" SMITH, LODGE BELLHOP, IS USING HIS LUNCH HOUR FOR A SELF-TAUGHT SKIING LESSON, WITH RESULTS PROMISING DISASTER.



DICK GRABS A PAIR OF SKIS AND BREAKS ALL RECORDS IN GETTING THEM ON, IN A FRACTION OF A SECOND; HE HURTTLES DOWN THE STEEP SLOPE, ANGLING TO CUT OFF THE SPEEDING BOY.

ANGER AREA
KEEP OUT

DICK RAPIDLY CLOSES WITH CARROT AND, ON THE VERY EDGE OF THE GORGE, THROWS A FLYING BLOCK.



NEXT TIME, LEARN WHAT MOST NEW SKIERS FORGET...HOW TO FALL. IT'S THE QUICKEST WAY TO STOP, YOUNG FELLOW!

GEE! I WAS SO SCARED, I JUST COULDN'T DO ANYTHING!

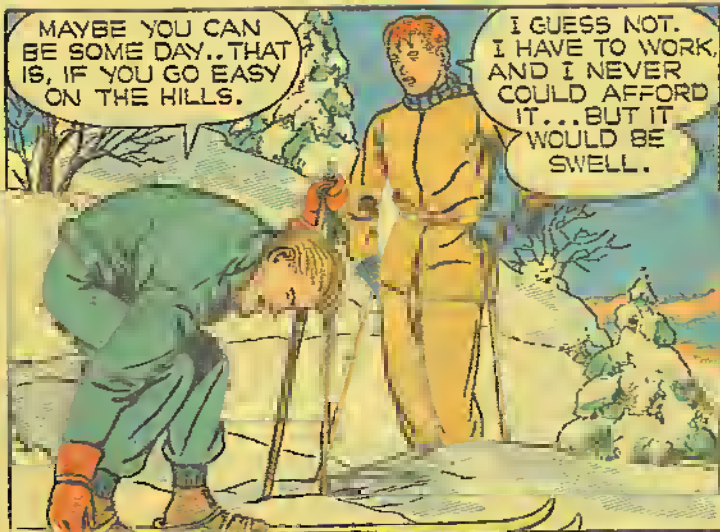


SAY, AREN'T YOU DICK COLE OF FARR? YOU SAVED MY LIFE...UH, THANKS. GEE, I WISH I COULD BE A CADET, TOO.



MAYBE YOU CAN BE SOME DAY...THAT IS, IF YOU GO EASY ON THE HILLS.

I GUESS NOT. I HAVE TO WORK, AND I NEVER COULD AFFORD IT...BUT IT WOULD BE SWELL.



SO YOU'D LIKE TO GO TO FARR, EH? THAT'S NOT IMPOSSIBLE.

I DON'T BELIEVE IN SANTA CLAUS, MR. COLE!

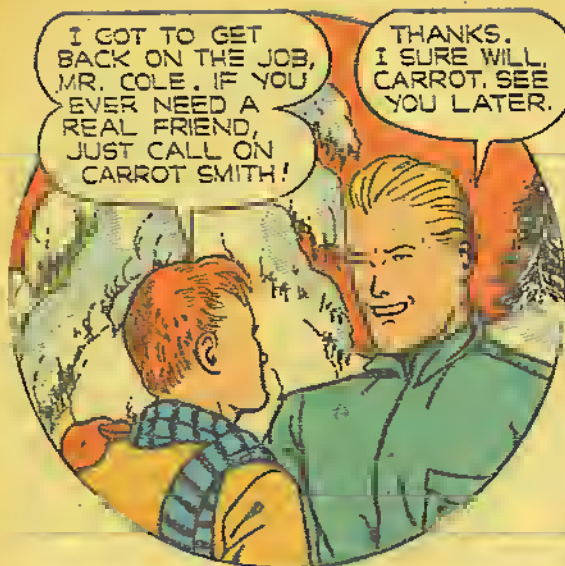


NICE GOIN', DICK! WHO'S THE CARROT TOP? MATERIAL FOR NEXT YEAR'S FOOT-BALL TEAM?

COULD BE, SIMBA. COULD BE!

GEE! I WISH I WAS!





I GOT TO GET BACK ON THE JOB, MR. COLE. IF YOU EVER NEED A REAL FRIEND, JUST CALL ON CARROT SMITH!

THANKS. I SURE WILL, CARROT. SEE YOU LATER.



HE'S A NICE KID, DICK.

RIGHT! WE'RE GOING TO WIN THAT RACE AND BRING HIM TO FARR ON THE SCHOLARSHIP—MR. KNOX OFFERS. OKAY?

GOOD IDEA! WE HAVE TO WIN NOW!

ENTHUSED, THE FARR BOYS PRACTICE VIGOROUSLY UNTIL LATE AFTERNOON.



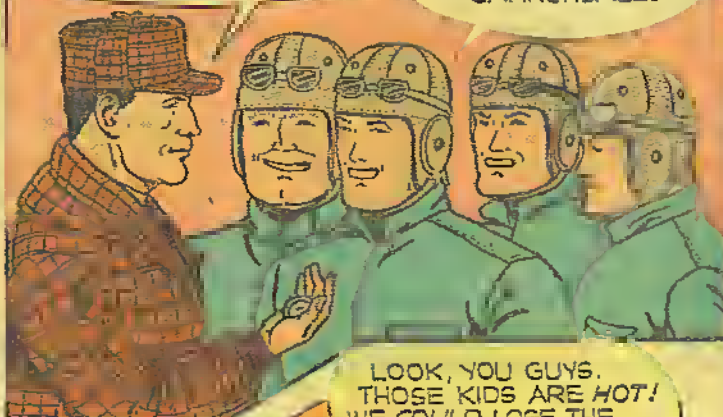
ISN'T IT ABOUT TIME WE QUIT FOR THE DAY?

YEP! THE START IS IMPORTANT, AND I THINK WE'VE GOT IT DOWN PAT NOW.

AS THE BOYS CLIMB FROM THE SLED, THE TIMER COMES UP.

THAT LAST RUN WAS A BEAUT, BOYS! ONE MINUTE AND FORTY-TWO SECONDS! HMM!

NOT BAD, BUT I'VE A HUNCH WE'LL HAVE TO BE FASTER TO BEAT THE CANNONBALLS.



LOOK, YOU GUYS. THOSE KIDS ARE HOT! WE COULD LOSE THE RACE... BUT WE AIN'T GONNA LET TWO GRANO AND OUR REPUTATION GO OUT THE WINDOW... SO... I GOT A PLAN...

JEPS HAS BEEN WATCHING HIS OPPONENTS WORK OUT.



HEY! THOSE KIDS ARE A LOT BETTER THAN I THOUGHT! THEY'RE TOO GOOD! BETTER HAVE A CONFAB WITH THE BOYS!

LATER AT THE LODGE.



5

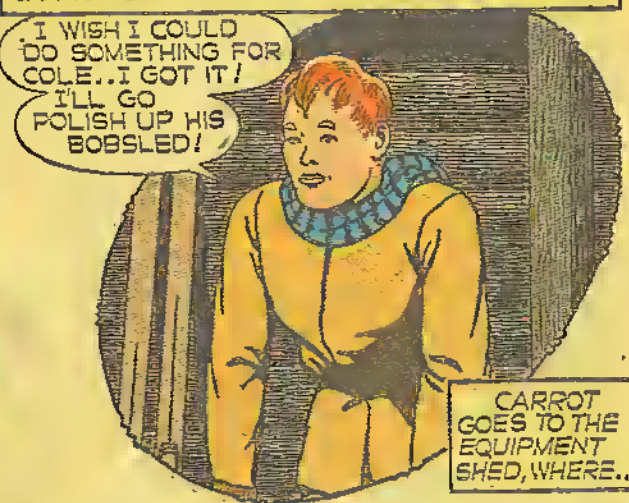
DICK AND HIS PALS, BEFORE RETURNING TO FARR, STOP AT THE LODGE OFFICE TO SEE MR.



MR. KNOX, WE STOPPED BY FOR A MOMENT TO TELL YOU WE ACCEPT YOUR OFFER. WE'LL RACE THE CANNONBALLS.

AH, FINE! KNOX. BE HERE AT 2:00 P.M. SATURDAY. MEANWHILE, I'LL ADVERTISE THE EVENT. THIS WILL BE GREAT PUBLICITY.

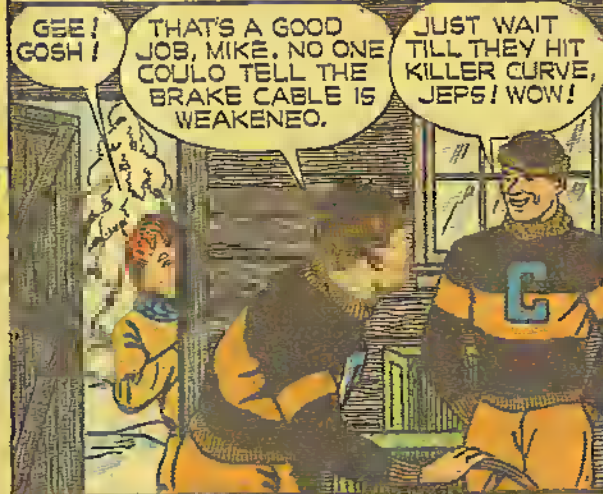
THE BOYS DRIVE AWAY AND, FROM THE PORCH, CARROT SMITH WATCHES THEM GO.



I WISH I COULD DO SOMETHING FOR COLE... I GOT IT! I'LL GO POLISH UP HIS BOBSLED!

CARROT GOES TO THE EQUIPMENT SHED, WHERE..

HE DISCOVERS OTHERS HAVE PRECEDED HIM..



GEE! GOSH!

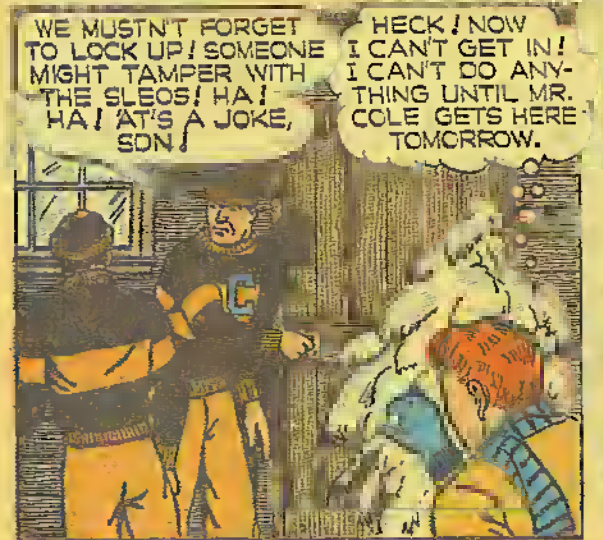
THAT'S A GOOD JOB, MIKE. NO ONE COULD TELL THE BRAKE CABLE IS WEAKENED.

JUST WAIT TILL THEY HIT KILLER CURVE, JEPS! WOW!



THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO SLOW DOWN, AND OVER THEY'LL GO! IT'S IN THE BAG! WE CAN'T LOSE!

OH, MY GOSH! COLE MIGHT BE KILLED! OH, THEY'RE COMING OUT!



WE MUSTN'T FORGET TO LOCK UP! SOMEONE MIGHT TAMPER WITH THE SLEOS! HA! HA! AT'S A JOKE, SON!

HECK! NOW I CAN'T GET IN! I CAN'T DO ANYTHING UNTIL MR. COLE GETS HERE TOMORROW.

1:30 P.M. SATURDAY. DICK AND HIS PALS ARE HEADED FOR THE STARTING POINT WHEN...



PSST! HEY, MR. COLE! PSST! CMERE, QUICK!

HEY, DICK. YOU'RE BEIN' PAGED BY YOUR CARROT-TOPPED FRIEND.

BOBSLED RACE TODAY 2:00 P.M. CANNONBALLS VS FARR M.A.

CARROT SEEMS
EXCITED / GO AHEAD
FELLOWS. I'LL BE
RIGHT WITH YOU!



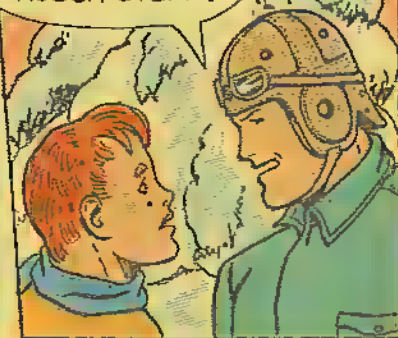
AND NEAR BY STAND JEPS
AND TWO OF HIS TEAMMATES.

THAT BRAT'S A SHARP
ONE! I DON'T KNOW WHAT
HE'S TELLIN' THAT CADET..
BUT I'VE A HUNCH WE
BETTER PUSSYFOOT
OVER THERE AND FINO
OUT...COME ON.



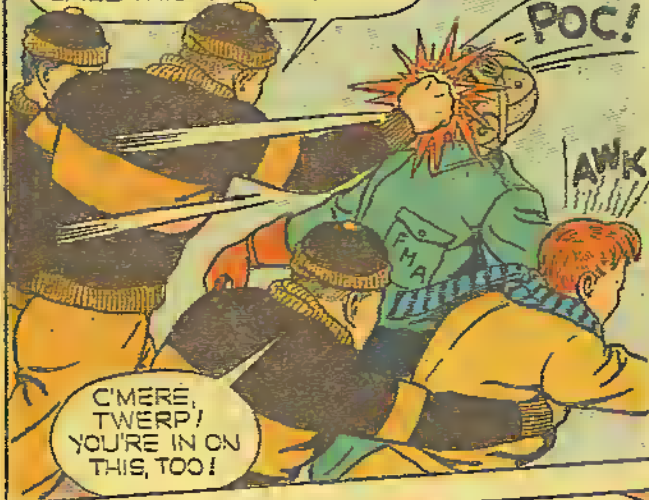
WHAT! THEY
WEAKENED OUR
BRAKE CABLE?!
THANKS A MILLION,
CARROT! BELIEVE
ME, THE CANNON-
BALLS WON'T GET
AWAY WITH ANY
ROUGH STUFF!

OH,
NO?



DICK TURNS AND CATCHES A TERRIFIC BLOW.

NO ROUGH STUFF? O'YA
CALL THIS GENTLE, BUB?



C'MERE,
TWERP!
YOU'RE IN ON
THIS, TOO!

UNSEEN, THE CANNONBALLS CARRY
CARROT AND DICK THROUGH A REAR
DOOR OF THE LODGE AND LOCK THEM
IN A BASEMENT ROOM.

MISTER COLE / PLEASE WAKE
UP! THEY'RE GONE...WAKE UP!
OH-H...HE DOESN'T MOVE..
GOSH! WHAT'LL
I DO IF HE'S ...
DEAD? OH!



IT IS TEN
MINUTES
UNTIL
STARTING
TIME.

WE CAN'T
WAIT MUCH LONGER
FOR COLE! THE
CROWD IS GETTING
IMPATIENT.

I TOLD YOU
HE'S YELLOW..
THEY ALL ARE..
THERE WON'T BE
NO RACE, KNOX!



YELLOW
ARE WE! WE'LL
RACE YOU WITH
A THREE-MAN
TEAM, YOU
LUG!

YOU
TELL HIM,
BARK!

EUNK!



AH, GOOD!
THAT'S THE
SPIRIT, BOYS!
LET'S GO!

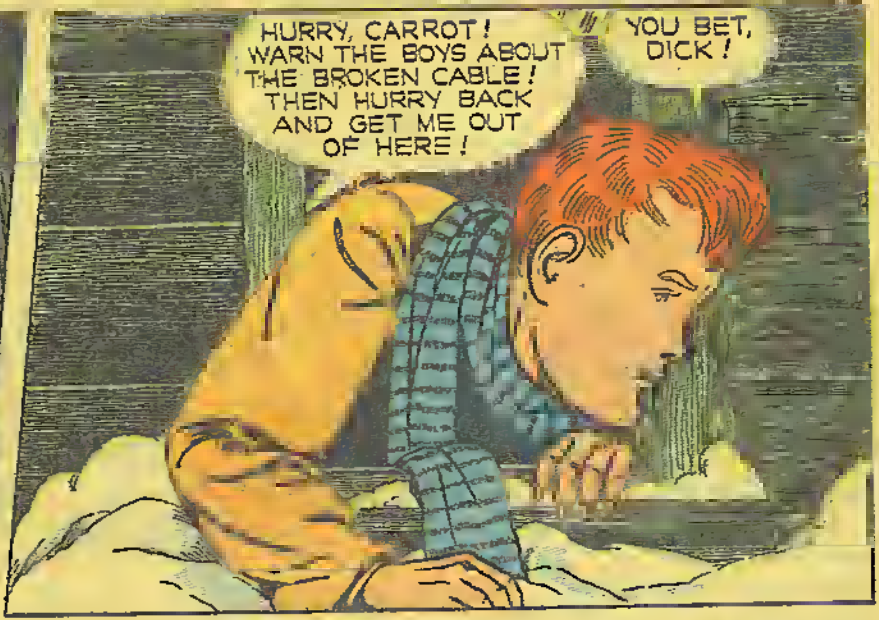
MEANWHILE,

WE CAN'T
FORCE THE
DOOR, AND THE
WINDOWS TOO
SMALL FOR
ME. SO IT'S
UP TO YOU,
CARROT!



HURRY, CARROT!
WARN THE BOYS ABOUT
THE BROKEN CABLE!
THEN HURRY BACK
AND GET ME OUT
OF HERE!

YOU BET,
DICK!

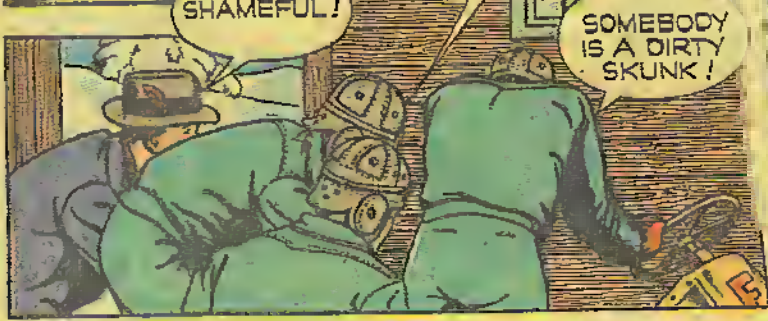


CARROT REACHES THE
BOYS JUST IN TIME, AND
A QUICK EXAMINATION
CONFIRMS HIS STORY.

WOW! LOOK AT THAT!
WE'D HAVE SPILLED FOR
SURE AT KILLER CURVE!

SHAMEFUL!

SOMEBODY
IS A DIRTY
SKUNK!



AS BARK FEVERISHLY REPAIRS
THE CABLE, CARROT SPEEDS BACK
TO DICK.

OH GEE!
FOUR MINUTES
UNTIL STARTING
TIME! I GOTTA
HURRY!



ALL RIGHT!
TIME'S UP! YOU
HAVE JUST ONE
MINUTE TO
GET SET!

GOSH! HOW I WISH
DICK WERE HERE! WELL,
LET'S GO! BARK, YOU
STEER, AND I'LL HANDLE
THE BRAKE. WE GOTTA
WIN... FOR CARROT,
DICK AND FARR!
HEP!

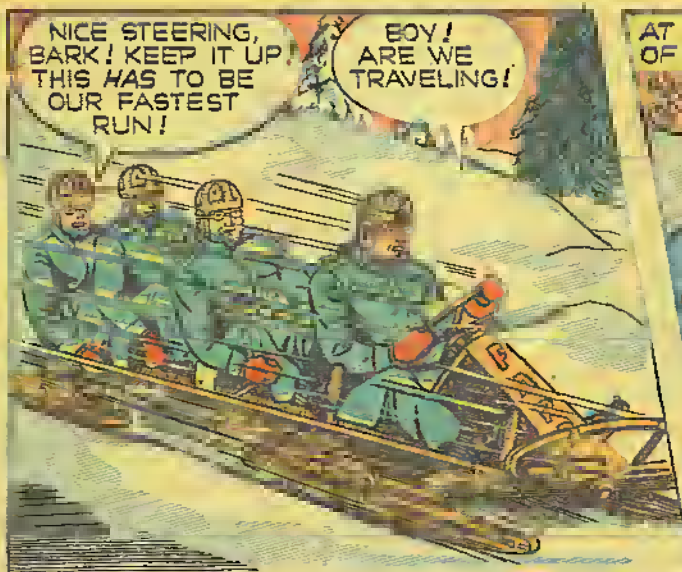


SET! GO!

MADE IT!!
LET'S GO! WE'LL
BEAT THOSE DOPES
A MILE!

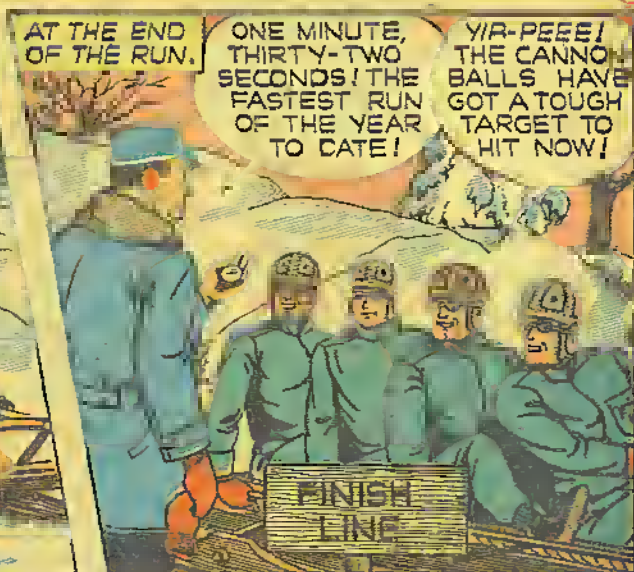
DICK!
WHOOPS!





NICE STEERING, BARK! KEEP IT UP, THIS HAS TO BE OUR FASTEST RUN!

BOY! ARE WE TRAVELING!



AT THE END OF THE RUN.

ONE MINUTE, THIRTY-TWO SECONDS! THE FASTEST RUN OF THE YEAR TO DATE!

YIP-PEE! THE CANNONBALLS HAVE GOT A TOUGH TARGET TO HIT NOW!

BACK AT THE STARTING POINT, THE CANNONBALLS ARE OFF TO A FLYING START.



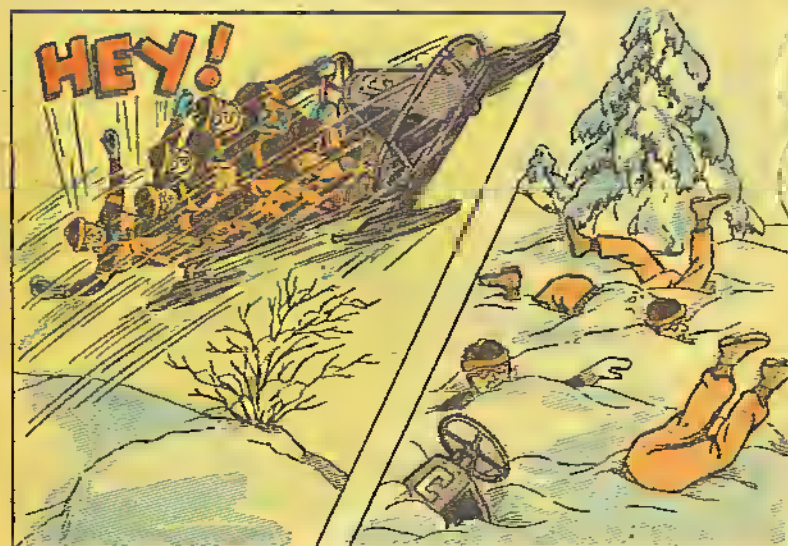
JEPS AT THE WHEEL, THEY ZOOM RECKLESSLY DOWN THE HILL.



HEY! NOT TOO RECKLESS, JEPS! IT'S A TRICKY COURSE!



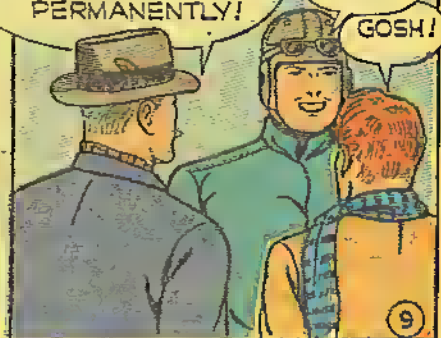
HEY! BRAKE, MIKE, BRAKE! WE'RE TAKIN' KILLER CURVE TOO HIGH!



HEY!

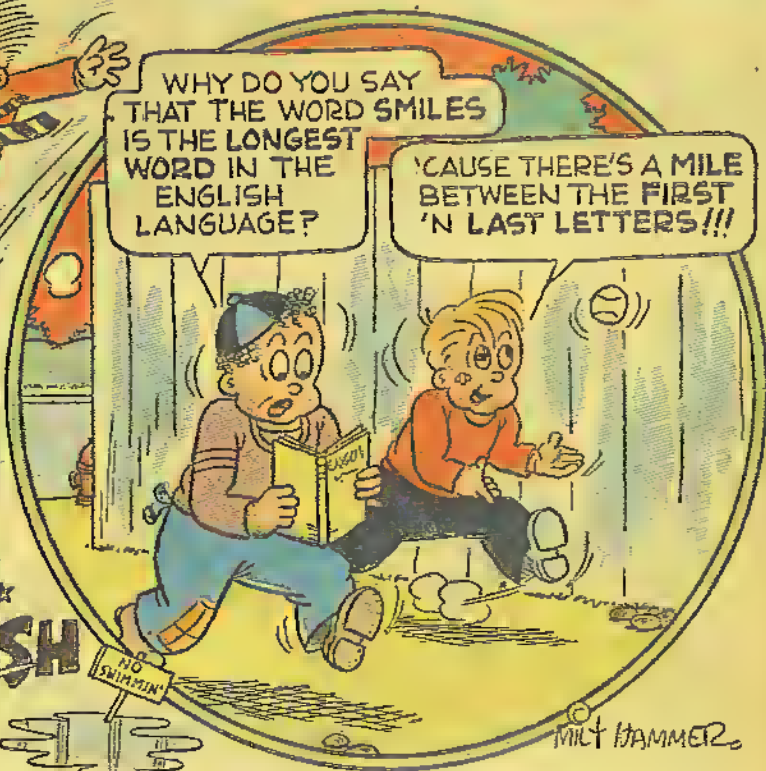
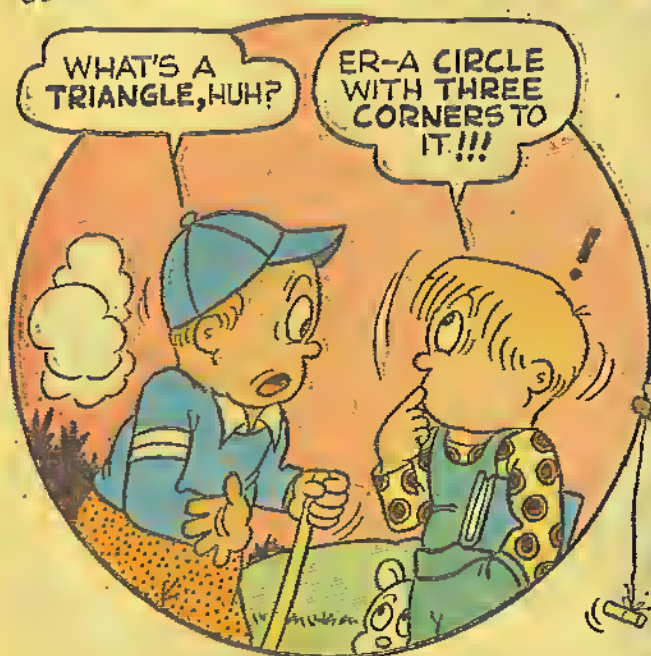
CONGRATULATIONS, COLE! I'LL BE GLAD TO PAY FOR CARROT AT FARR..AND, AS FOR THE CANNONBALLS..THEY ARE TO BE BARREO FROM THE LOOGE PERMANENTLY!

AND SO ARE YOU, CARROT! FROM NOW ON, YOU ARE A FARR MAN!



GOSH!

BLUEBOLTS and NUTS



RICK RICHARDS

IN CENTRAL AMERICA, RICK RICHARDS—ADVENTUROUS HEAD OF WORLD-WIDE INDUSTRIES, MEETS A SINISTER WOMAN WHO WEEPS FOR THE PAST WHILE SHE CRAFTILY PLOTS FOR THE FUTURE---AT RICK'S EXPENSE!

AT HEADQUARTERS OF RICHARDS ENTERPRISES, INC. ---

PRODUCTION AT THE CORTEZ VALLEY BANANA PLANTATION HAS DROPPED SHARPLY---

TELEGRAM FOR MR. RICHARDS!

HERE, BOY!

DEATH DEVIL! WHAT KIND OF SUPERSTITIOUS NONSENSE IS THIS?

CALL THE AIRPORT TO HAVE MY PLANE READY, MISS WALKER! I'M FLYING TO CENTRAL AMERICA!

WESTERN UNION
MR. RICK RICHARDS
RICHARDS ENTERPRISES
NEW YORK CITY
COME IMMEDIATELY STOP
BANANA CROPS WITHERING
STOP TOLTAN THE DEATH
DEVIL INVOLVED STOP
JUAN NENON
PLANTATION M.

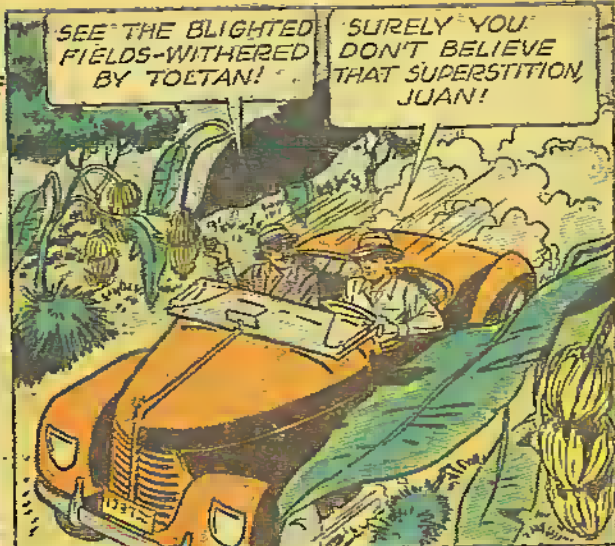


BLUE BOLT

SOON, AFTER A SPEEDY AIR HOP--



SEÑOR RICK! THANK GOODNESS YOU ARE HERE! I AM A WRECK NERVOUS!



SURELY YOU DON'T BELIEVE THAT SUPERSTITION, JUAN!



ER--OF COURSE NOT! I--I AM TOO INTELLIGENT, BUT THE IGNORANT PEASANTS INSIST THEY SAW TOLTAN! THEY REFUSE TO WORK!



WHY AREN'T YOU FELLOWS AT WORK?



TOLTAN--HE WEEEL KEEL US, SEÑOR! WE STAY HERE!



THEY ARE STUBBORN --AND THE CROPS ARE WITHERING AWAY!



ARE WE THE ONLY PLANTATION TO HAVE THIS TROUBLE?

THE ONLY OTHER PLANTATION IN CORTÉZ VALLEY BELONGS TO INEZ DE LORDOS-- SHE HAS MADE NO COMPLAINTS!



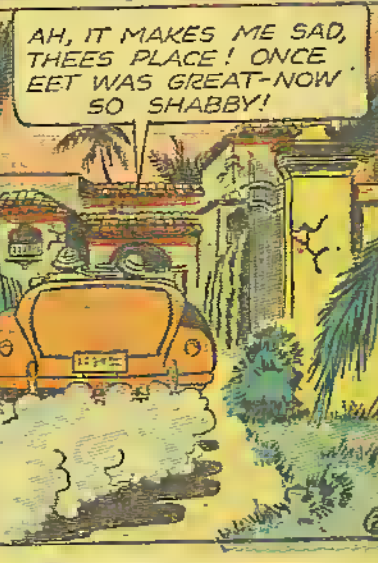
HAVE A LEMON DROP, SEÑOR RICK. THEY ARE GOOD FOR WHAT AILS ME!



WHAT AILS ME IS THIS PHONY. DEATH-DEVIL NONSENSE! LET'S VISIT THE SEÑORITA!



I WONDER WHY TOLTAN DOESN'T PLAY ON THIS SIDE OF THE STREET?



AH, IT MAKES ME SAD, THEES PLACE! ONCE EET WAS GREAT--NOW SO SHABBY!



HOW ANNOYING!
INTRUDERS JUST
WHEN I HAVE
WORK TO DO!



GREETINGS, SEÑORITA
DE LORDOS. I OWN
THE NEXT PLANTA-
TION. I'M PAYING
A SOCIAL CALL.

I WASN'T
AWARE OF
INVITING
YOU!



UH--I THOUGHT
YOU MIGHT BE
LONELY, LIVING
ALONE IN
THIS---

--IN THEES
OLD JOINT!

THIS JOINT! HOW
DARE YOU! THE
DE LORDOS PLANTA-
TION IS RICH
WITH TRADITIONS
OF FOUR HUNDRED
YEARS! AND I
SHALL CARRY
THEM ON!

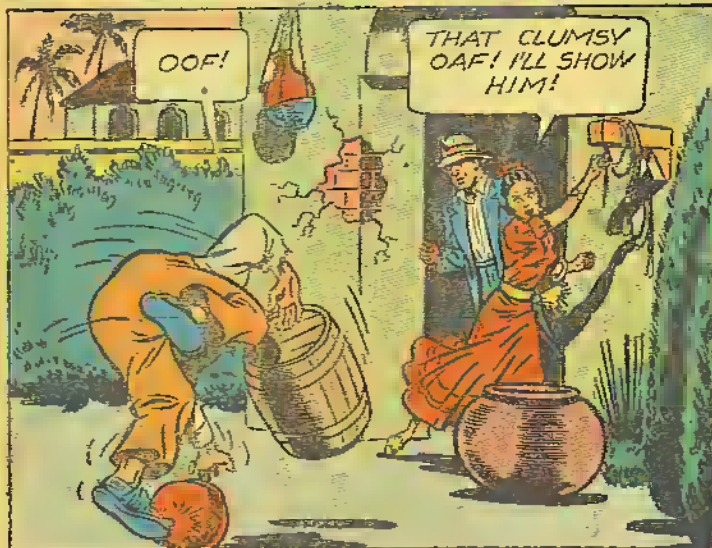


MY ANCESTORS OWNED
THIS ENTIRE VALLEY WHEN
IT WAS A LAND OF
RICHNESS AND GLORY!



THESE EARRINGS--MY
FAMILY CONCEALED FROM
MORGAN'S PIRATES, IN
THIS VERY HOUSE! THIS
IS A HOUSE OF PROUD
TRADITION--

MY APOLOGIES,
SEÑORITA!



OOF!

THAT CLUMSY
OAF! I'LL SHOW
HIM!



FOOL! YOU
KNOW HOW
CAREFUL YOU
MUST BE WITH
THESE KEGS!

WHEN! WHAT
PUMES! THESE KEGS
MUST BE FULL OF
ACID!

THESE CLUMSY
SERVANTS MUST
BE TREATED
FIRMLY!

JUAN AND
I MUST LEAVE
NOW, SEÑORITA-
BUT WE'LL MEET
AGAIN SOON!

SHE'S
BEAUTIFUL,
BUT CRUEL!

WHEN IN
DOUBT, HAVE
A LEMON
DROP!



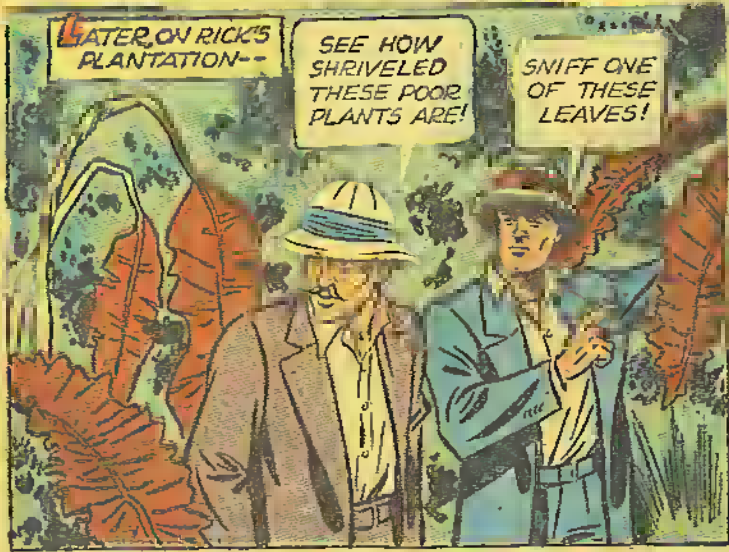
LATER, ON RICK'S
PLANTATION--

SEE HOW
SHRIVELED
THESE POOR
PLANTS ARE!

SNIFF ONE
OF THESE
LEAVES!

MMPH! THAT
EES STRONG!

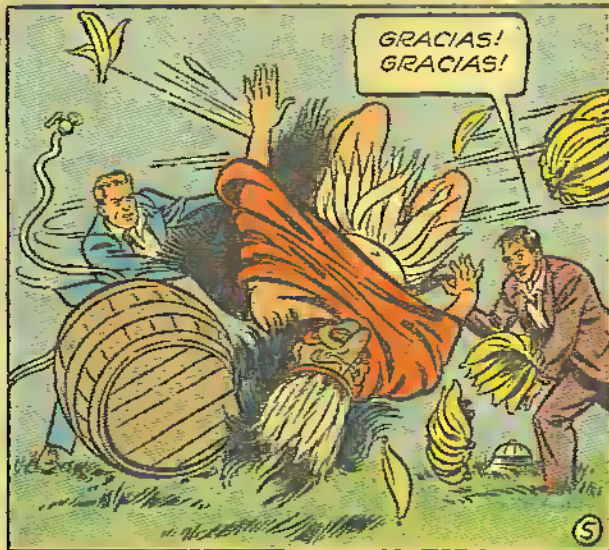
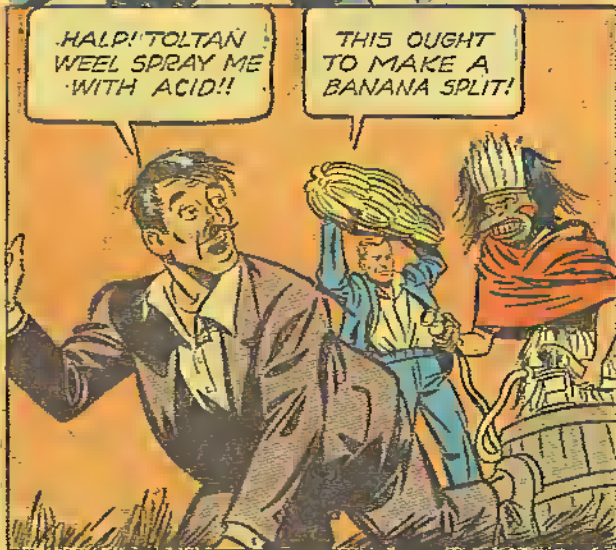
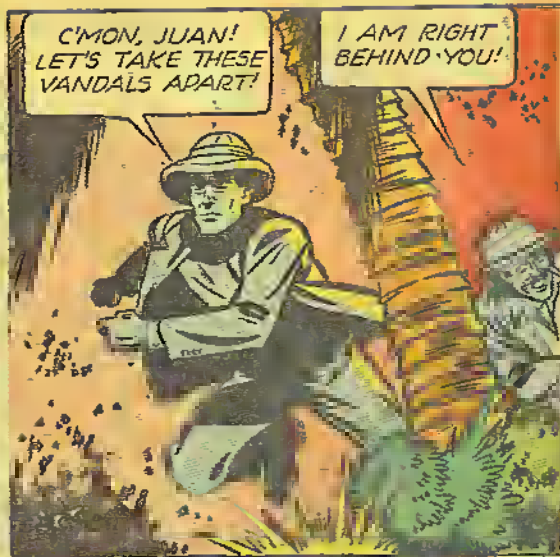
CERTAINLY! AN ACID
SPRAY HAS KILLED THESE
CROPS--AND INEZ DE
LORDOS HAS THE ACID!
THAT ELIMINATES
YOUR IMAGINARY
DEATH DEVIL, TOLTAN!

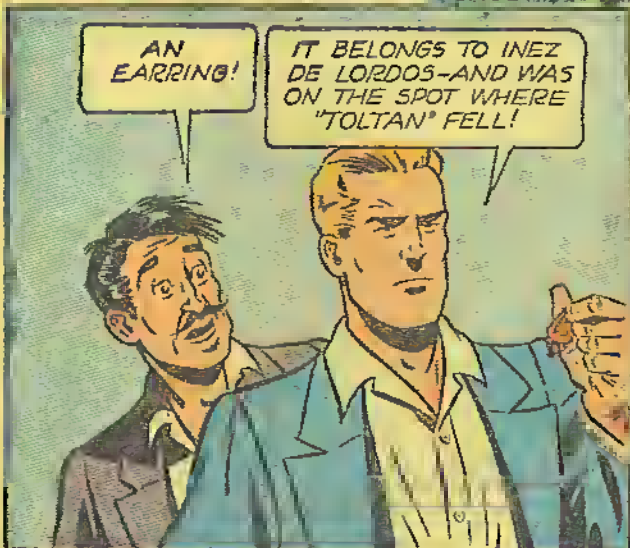
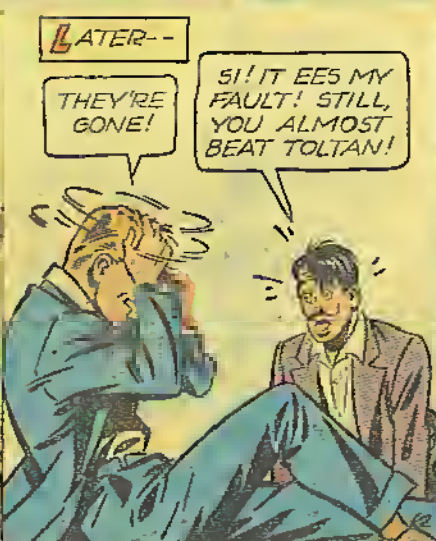
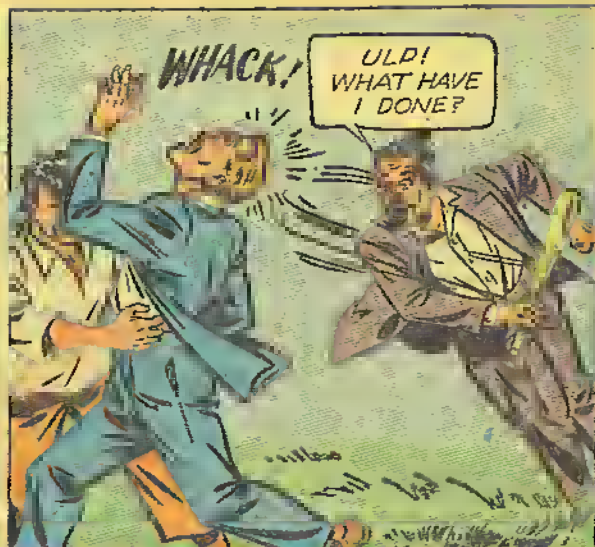
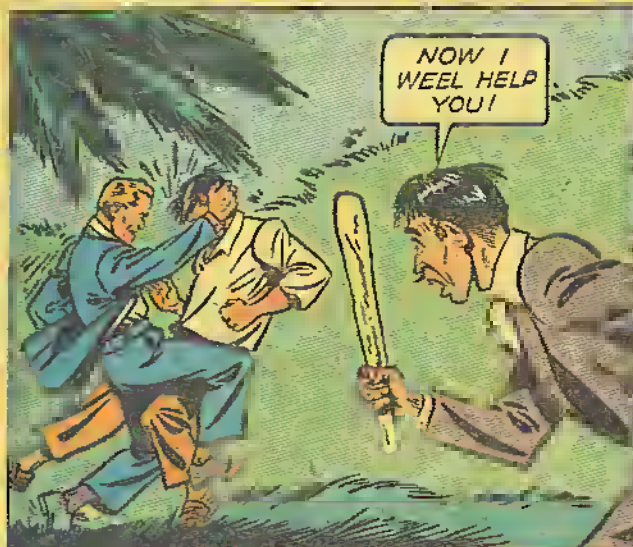


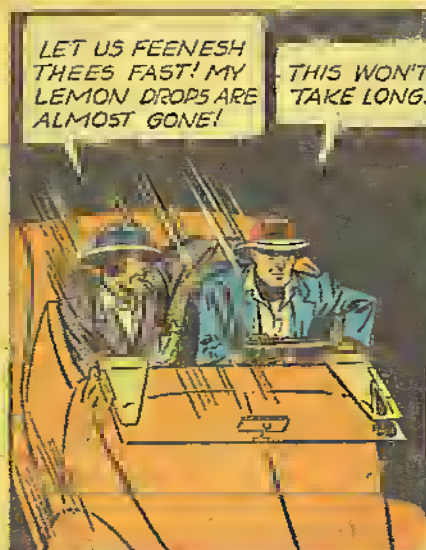
BUT L-LOOK,
SEÑOR! THERE
EES TOLTAN!

WELL, I'LL BE
DARNED! LET'S
SEE WHAT THE
OLD BOY'S UP TO!









LET US FEENESH
THEES FAST! MY
LEMON DROPS ARE
ALMOST GONE!

THIS WON'T
TAKE LONG!

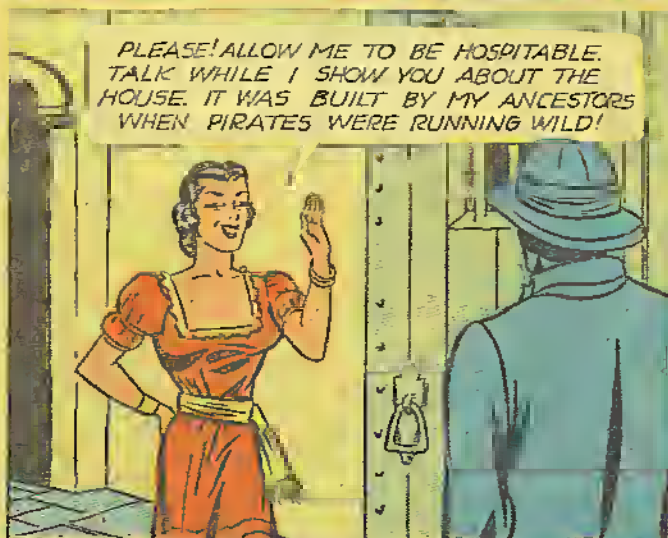


HA! SO THE FOOLS
DARE TO RETURN!
THIS TIME I AM
READY!



HELLO, SEÑORS,
IT IS NICE TO
SEE YOU AGAIN.

I'M AFRAID IT
WON'T BE SO
NICE, SEÑORITA!
YOU SEE--

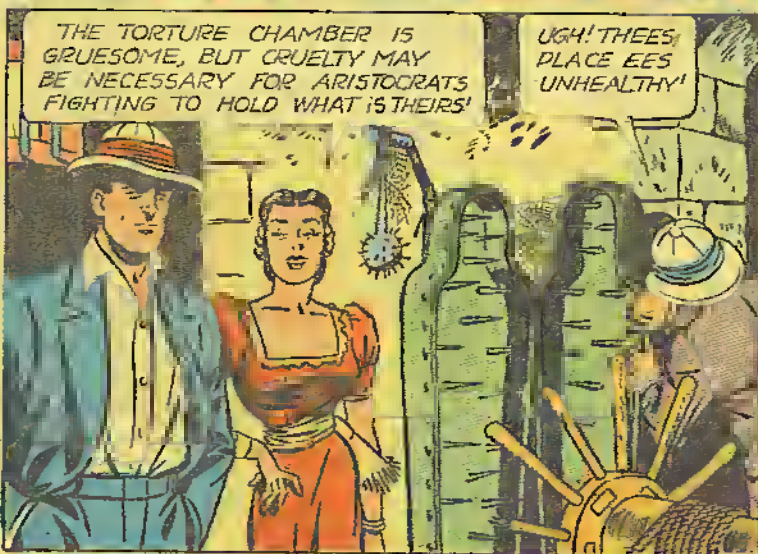


PLEASE! ALLOW ME TO BE HOSPITABLE.
TALK WHILE I SHOW YOU ABOUT THE
HOUSE. IT WAS BUILT BY MY ANCESTORS
WHEN PIRATES WERE RUNNING WILD!



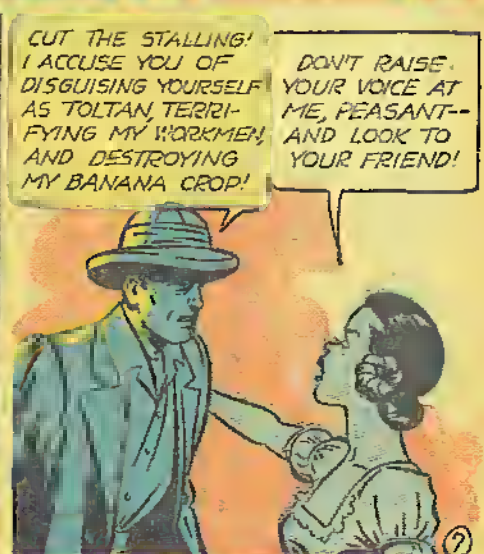
WATCH YOUR STEP
NOW, JUAN! THIS
CHICK IS TRICKY
AND DANGEROUS!

DON'T WORRY--
NO WOMAN
CAN OUTSMART
ME!



THE TORTURE CHAMBER IS
GRUESOME, BUT CRUELTY MAY
BE NECESSARY FOR ARISTOCRATS
FIGHTING TO HOLD WHAT IS THEIRS!

UGH! THEES
PLACE EES
UNHEALTHY!



CUT THE STALLING!
I ACCUSE YOU OF
DISGUIISING YOURSELF
AS TOLTAN, TERRI-
FYING MY WORKMEN,
AND DESTROYING
MY BANANA CROP!

DON'T RAISE
YOUR VOICE AT
ME, PEASANT--
AND LOOK TO
YOUR FRIEND!

HELP, SEÑOR
RICK! I AM CAUGHT
IN ZEE TRAP!

NOW ZEE WALL
IS DESCENDING!
I'LL BE IN A
DUNGEON!

LOOKS BAD BUT
I'LL HAVE TO
TRY TO HELP
HIM!

AH, MY FOOT IS
FREE TOO LATE-
THE WALL EES
SETTLED!

RIP!

FORGIVE ME! FOR
MY FAULT WE ARE
TRAPPED! I FORGOT
YOUR ADVICE!

WELL, WE'RE
STILL ALIVE
AND KICKING!

BUT NOT FOR
LONG! YOU WILL
ROT HERE! MY
ANCESTORS
PLANNED WELL!

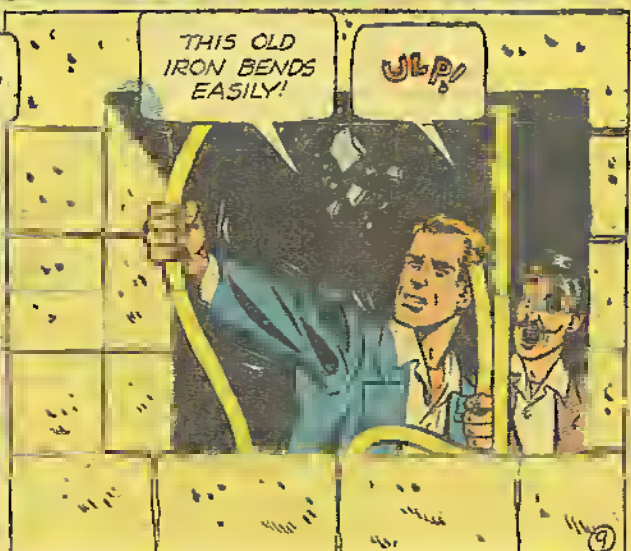
WHAT'S EATING
YOU, LADY? WHY
DESTROY MY
CROPS, AND ME
TOO?

BECAUSE I AM CHEATED
OF WHAT IS MINE! I
MUST HAVE THE POWER,
BEAUTY AND WEALTH OF
MY ANCESTORS! WITH
YOUR CROPS A FAILURE,
YOUR COMPANY WILL
SELL OUT CHEAPLY! I'LL
OWN THE ENTIRE VALLEY
ONCE MORE!

FAREWELL!



RICK TAKES ADVANTAGE OF HIS STRANGE PHYSICAL QUIRK, RESULT OF AN OLD WOUND--HIS BODY FLOODS WITH ADRENAL POWER--WHenever HE HEARS A SUDDEN LOUD NOISE!





AH! I CAN
REACH THE
HANDLE!

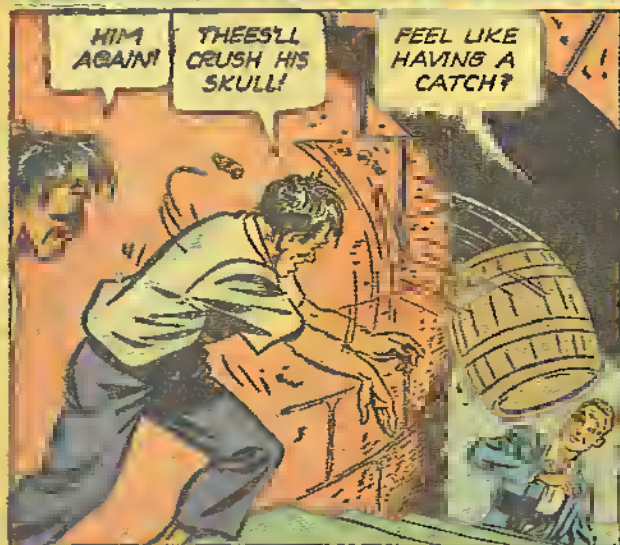


LET'S GO
HOME
FAST!

FIRST WE'LL
PICK UP THE
SEÑORITA FOR
THE POLICE!



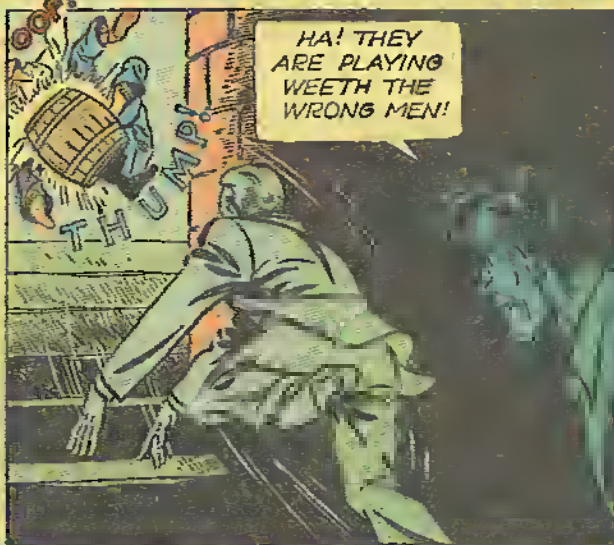
LOOK OUT,
JUAN! THEY'LL
SEE US!



HIM
AGAIN!

THEY'LL
CRUSH HIS
SKULL!

FEEL LIKE
HAVING A
CATCH?



HA! THEY
ARE PLAYING
WITH THE
WRONG MEN!

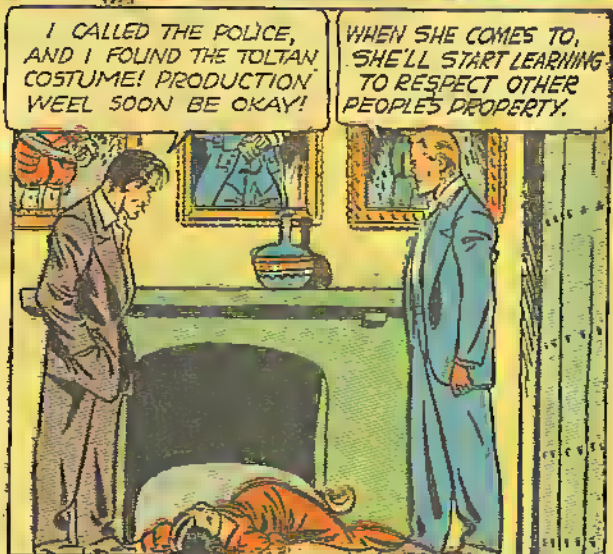
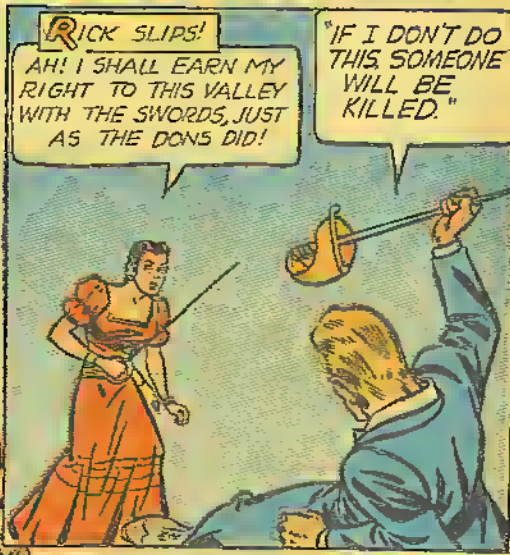
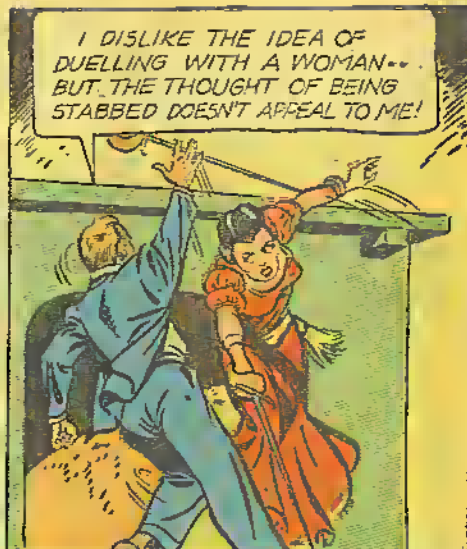
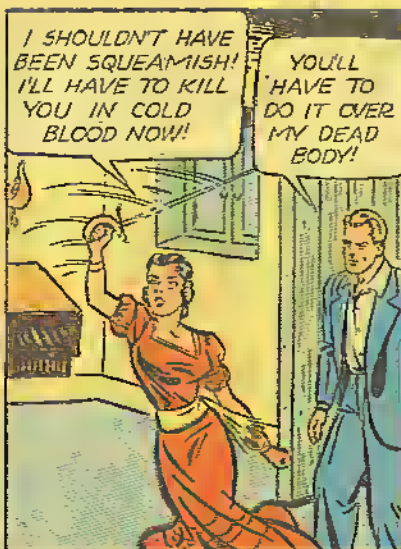


TIE UP THOSE
THUGS, JUAN,
WHILE I FIND
THE SEÑORITA!

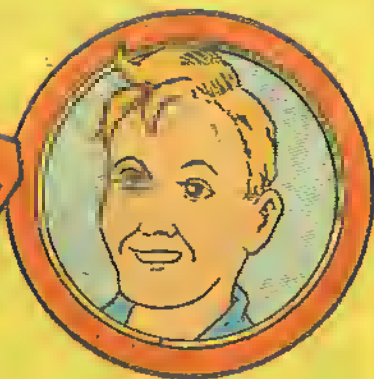


SOON I SHALL
HAVE RESTORED
MY HERITAGE!
I'LL BE IN MY
RIGHTFUL PLACE!

YES--IN
JAIL!



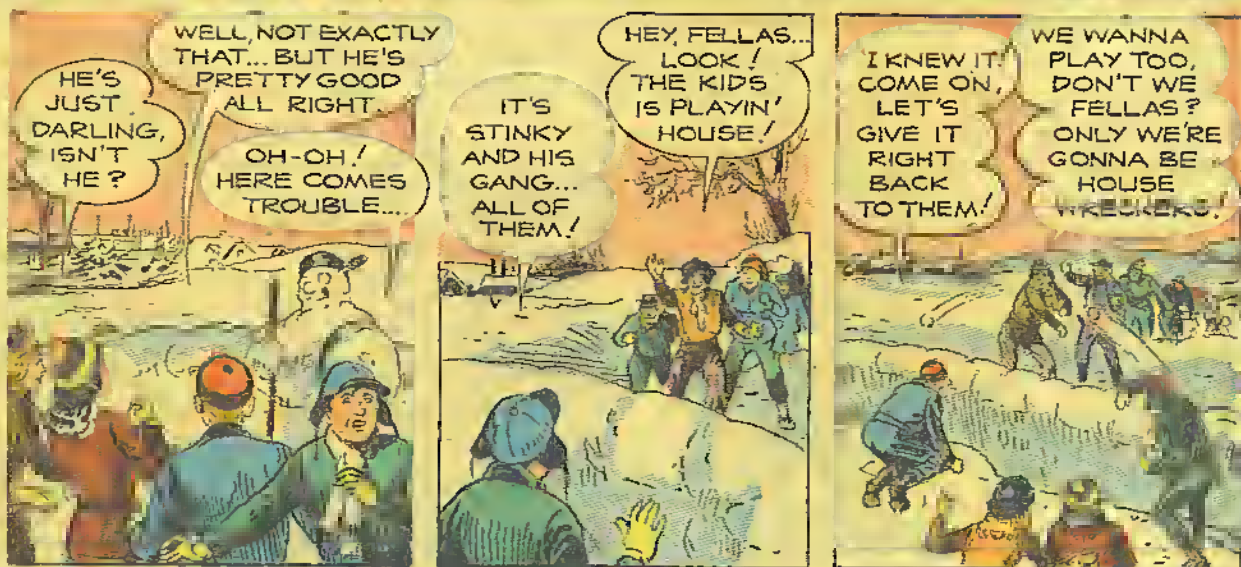
Edison Bell



HOW DOES IT LOOK NOW, JERRY?

WAIT TILL I GET THIS PART SMOOTHED OUT.

IT'S SUPER, MY FRIENDS... SUPER-DOOPER. BEST SNOWMAN I'VE EVER SEEN.



HE'S JUST DARLING, ISN'T HE?

WELL, NOT EXACTLY THAT... BUT HE'S PRETTY GOOD ALL RIGHT.

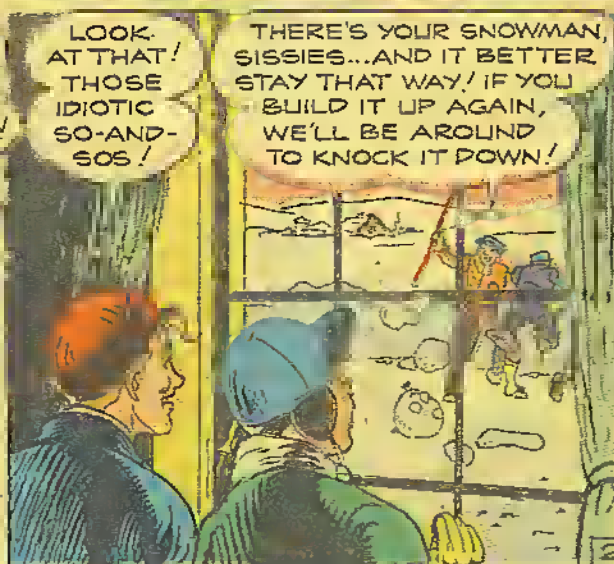
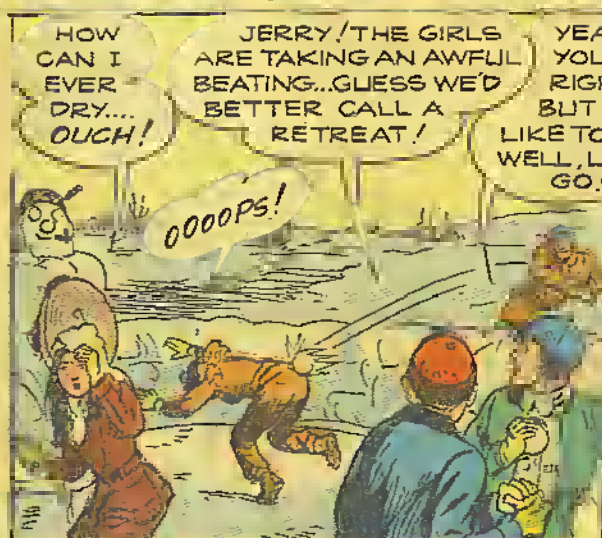
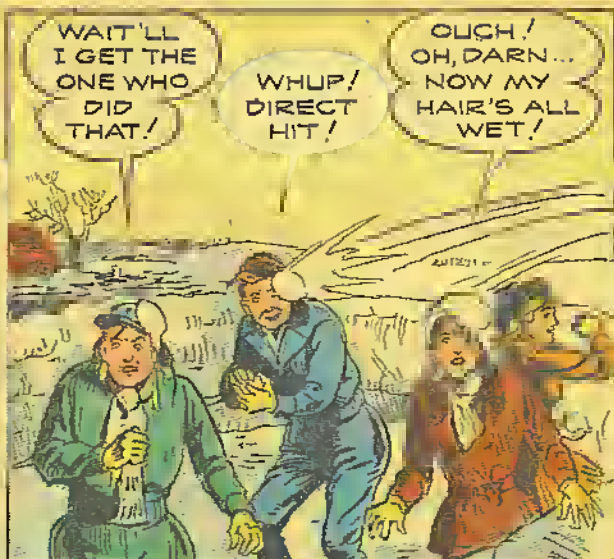
OH-OH! HERE COMES TROUBLE...

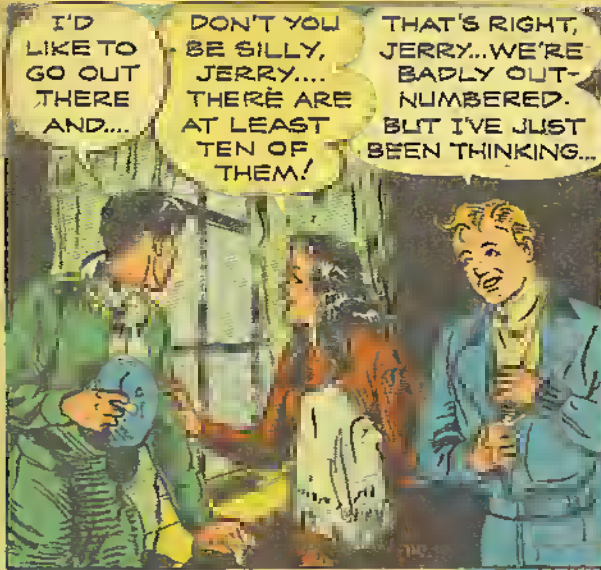
IT'S STINKY AND HIS GANG... ALL OF THEM!

HEY, FELLAS... LOOK! THE KIDS IS PLAYIN' HOUSE!

I KNEW IT! COME ON, LET'S GIVE IT RIGHT BACK TO THEM!

WE WANNA PLAY TOO, DON'T WE FELLAS? ONLY WE'RE GONNA BE HOUSE WRECKERS!

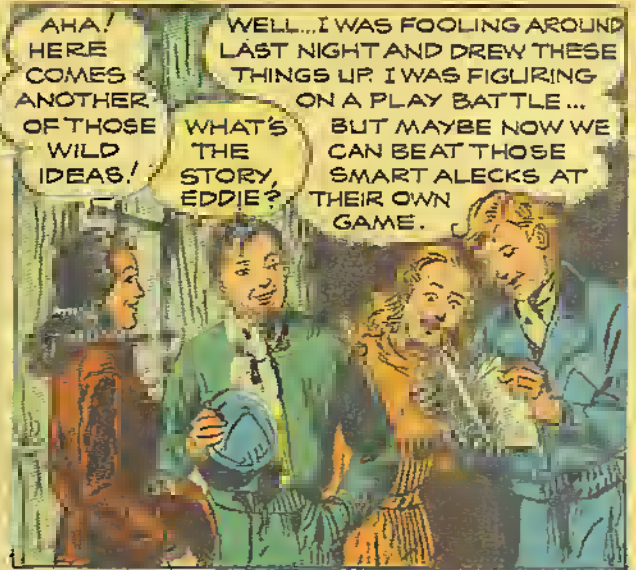




I'D LIKE TO GO OUT THERE AND...

DON'T YOU BE SILLY, JERRY.... THERE ARE AT LEAST TEN OF THEM!

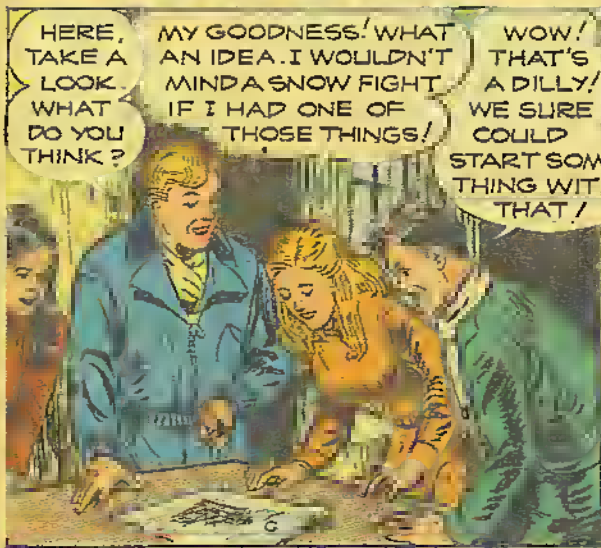
THAT'S RIGHT, JERRY...WE'RE BADLY OUT-NUMBERED. BUT I'VE JUST BEEN THINKING...



AHA! HERE COMES ANOTHER OF THOSE WILD IDEAS!

WHAT'S THE STORY, EDDIE?

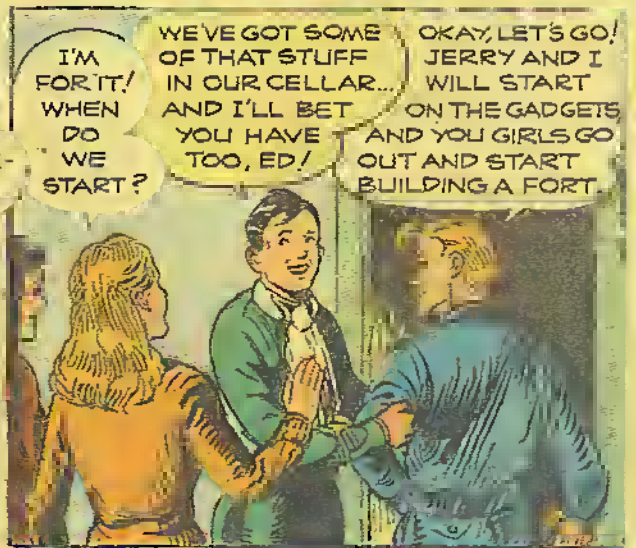
WELL...I WAS FOOLING AROUND LAST NIGHT AND DREW THESE THINGS UP. I WAS FIGURING ON A PLAY BATTLE... BUT MAYBE NOW WE CAN BEAT THOSE SMART ALECKS AT THEIR OWN GAME.



HERE, TAKE A LOOK. WHAT DO YOU THINK?

MY GOODNESS! WHAT AN IDEA. I WOULDN'T MIND A SNOW FIGHT IF I HAD ONE OF THOSE THINGS!

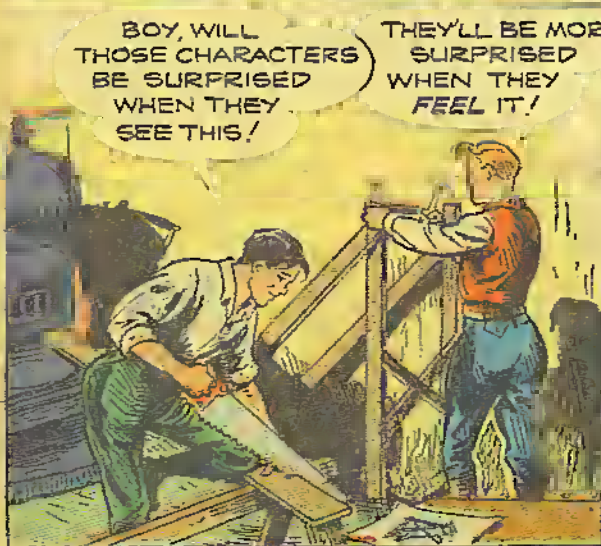
WOW! THAT'S A DILLY! WE SURE COULD START SOMETHING WITH THAT!



I'M FOR IT! WHEN DO WE START?

WE'VE GOT SOME OF THAT STUFF IN OUR CELLAR... AND I'LL BET YOU HAVE TOO, ED!

OKAY, LET'S GO! JERRY AND I WILL START ON THE GADGETS AND YOU GIRLS GO OUT AND START BUILDING A FORT.



BOY, WILL THOSE CHARACTERS BE SURPRISED WHEN THEY SEE THIS!

THEY'LL BE MORE SURPRISED WHEN THEY FEEL IT!

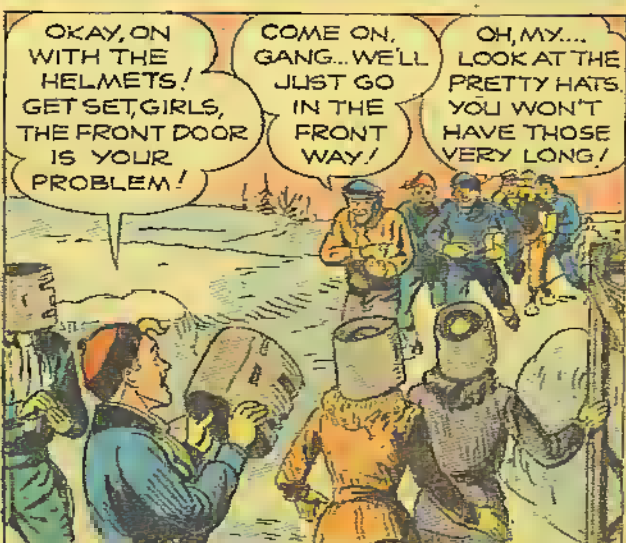
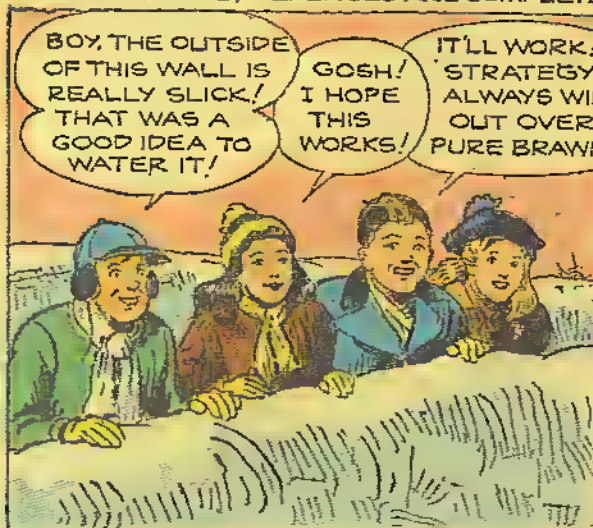


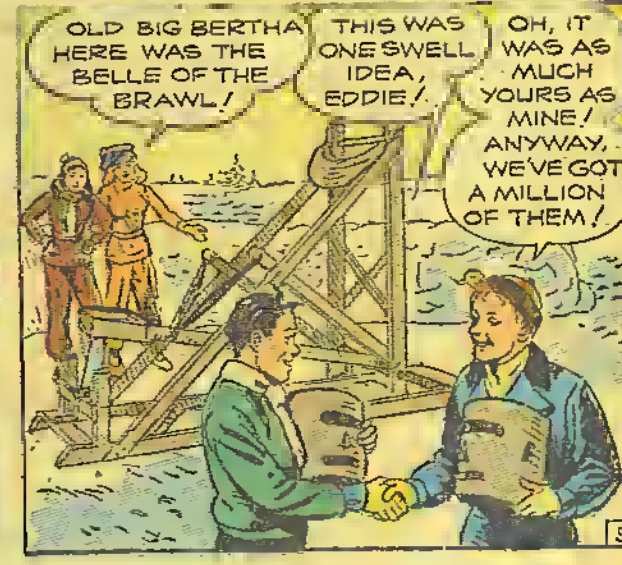
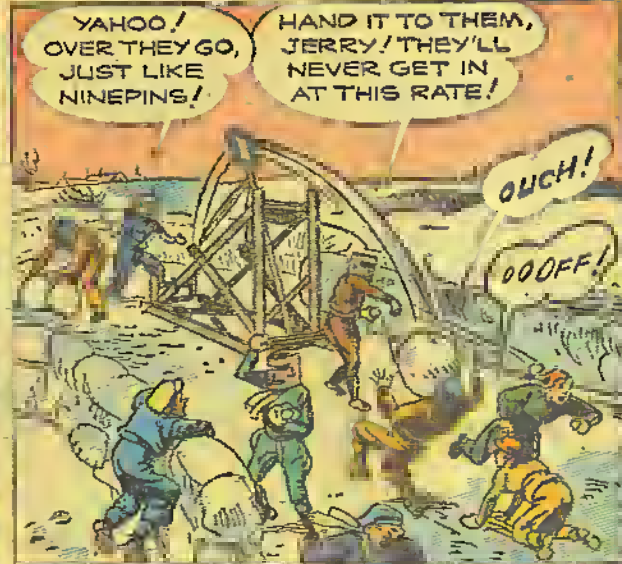
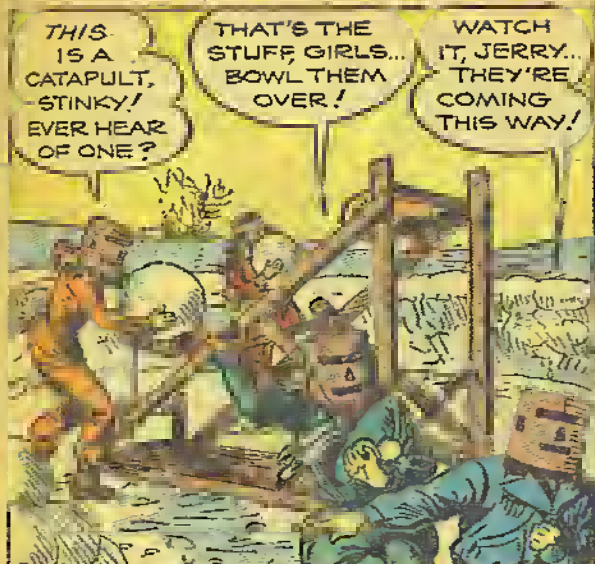
WHILE OUTSIDE....

THIS IS GOING TO BE FUN! IT'S A WONDERFUL IDEA!

YES... AND JUST WAIT TILL I CATCH THE ONE THAT WET MY HAIR!

NEXT MORNING, DEFENSES ARE COMPLETE!



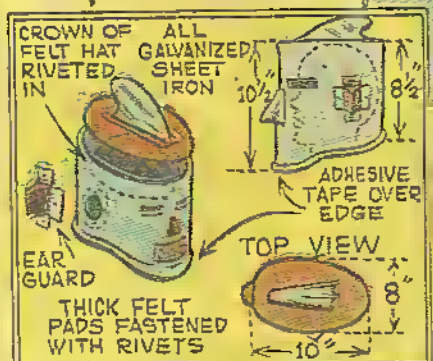
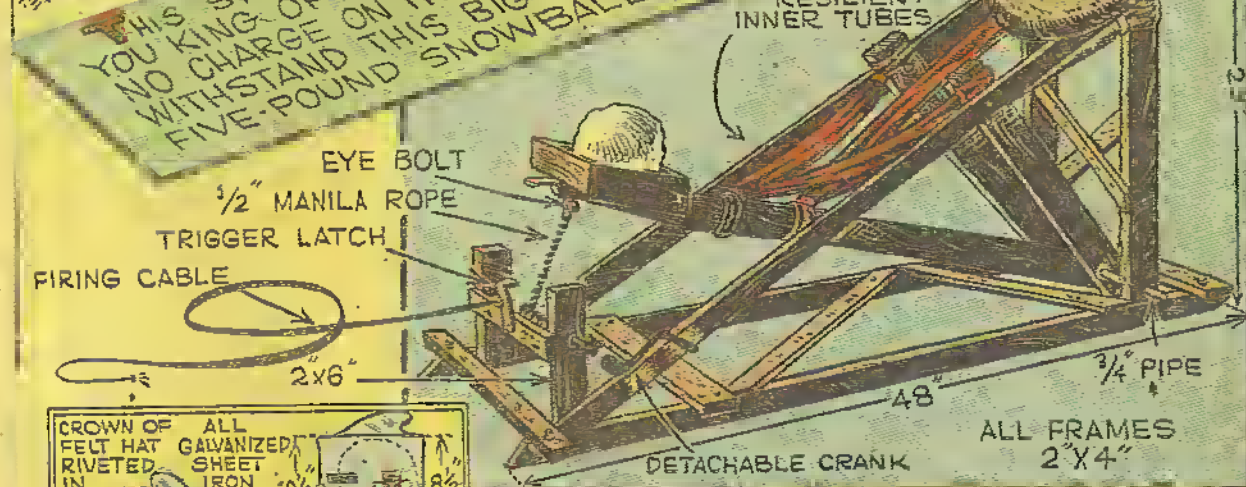


you can build this



SNOW CATAPULT

THIS SWELL CATAPULT WILL MAKE YOU KING OF THE HILL THIS WINTER... NO CHARGE ON THE SNOW FORT CAN WITHSTAND THIS BIG BERTHA FIRING FIVE-POUND SNOWBALLS.....

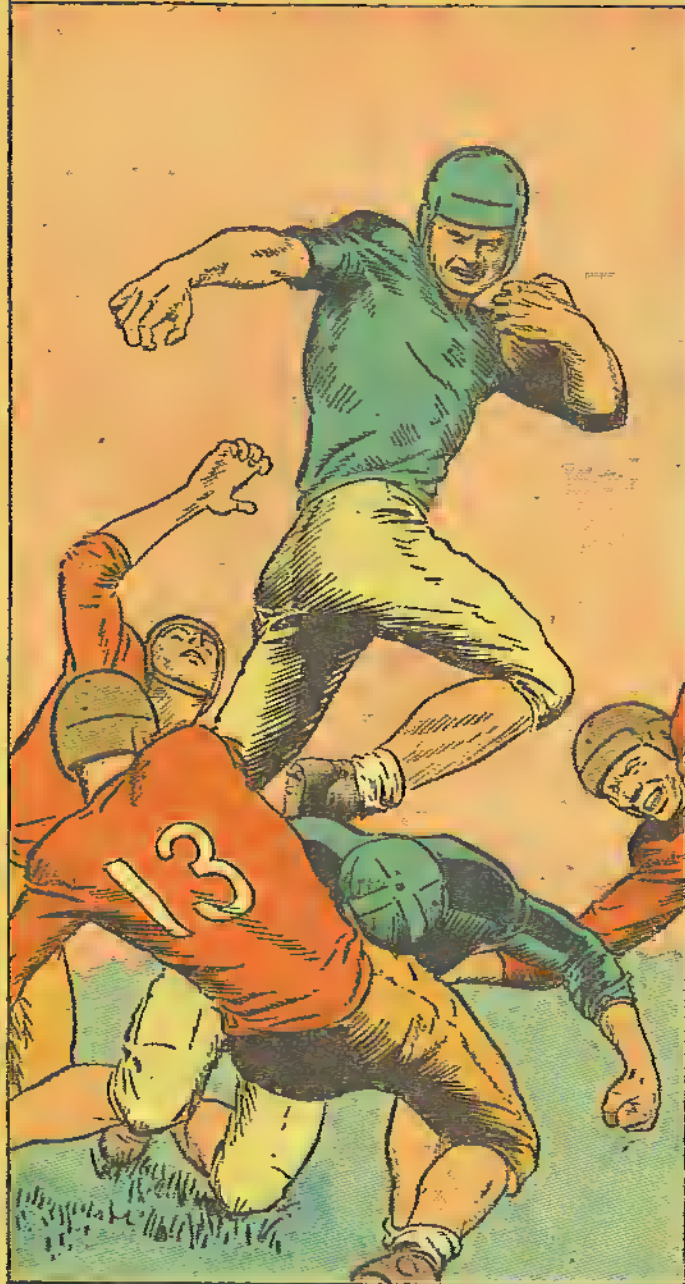


THIS NIFTY SNOW HELMET WILL MAKE YOU ALMOST INVULNERABLE TO ENEMY SNOWBALLS.....
PAIN'T THE HELMET A DULL WHITE TO CAMOUFLAGE IT....

A MINIATURE MODEL OF THE CATAPULT MAY BE MADE BY REDUCING THE DIMENSIONS..

OLD CAP HAWKINS' TRUE TALES

EVERYBODY KNOWS THE LOCAL ICEMAN, BUT THE GREATEST ICEMAN OF THEM ALL WAS THE "GALLOPING GHOST" OF WHEATON, ILL.



HAROLD "RED" GRANGE WAS BORN IN SULLIVAN COUNTY, PA.

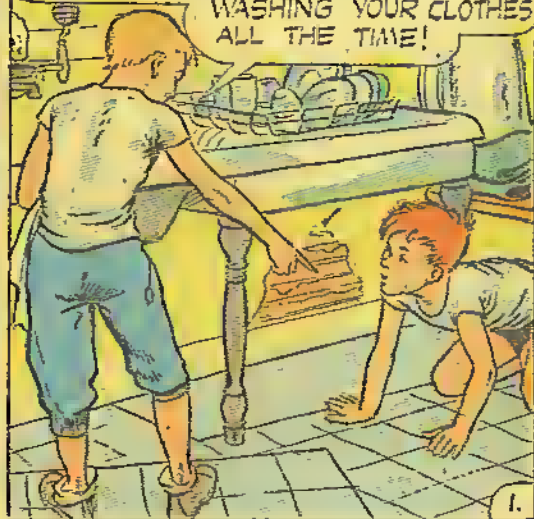
HEARD YOUR WIFE HAD A BABY BOY, GRANGE!

YEP. HUSKY LITTLE FELLA! WE'RE NAMING HIM HAROLD!



RED'S MOTHER DIED WHEN HE WAS FIVE, AND THE FAMILY MOVED TO WHEATON, ILLINOIS.

YOU KEEP CLEAN NOW. I CAN'T BE WASHING YOUR CLOTHES ALL THE TIME!



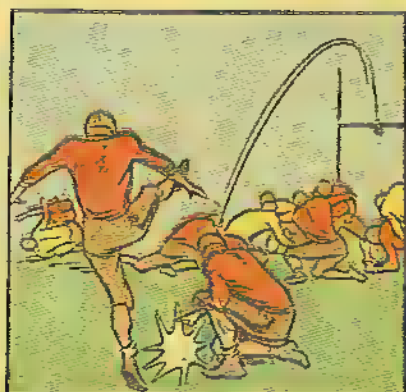
I'M ONLY FOURTEEN,
BUT I BET I CAN LIFT
THAT 100 POUNDS OF ICE
TO MY SHOULDER!

OH YEAH?
I'LL GIVE YOU
A DOLLAR
IF YOU DO IT!

RED
WON THE
DOLLAR!

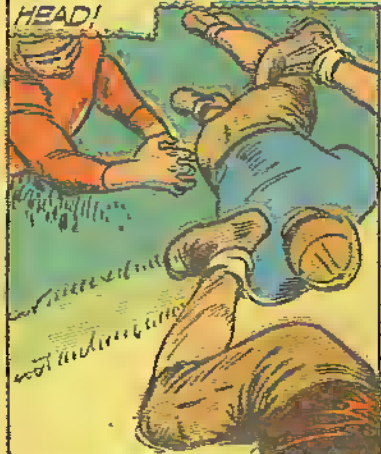


RED WAS A 4-LETTER-MAN AT WHEATON HIGH SCHOOL!



RED KICKED 30-STRAIGHT
POINTS-AFTER-TOUCHDOWNS,
BEFORE MISSING ONE!

IN RED'S THREE SEASONS
WITH WHEATON, THE TEAM
LOST ONLY ONCE--THE TIME
RED WAS KICKED IN THE
HEAD!



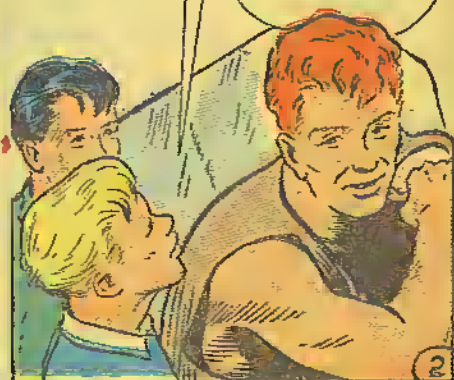
HIS TERRIFIC
SPEED HELPED
RED IN TRACK
TOO.



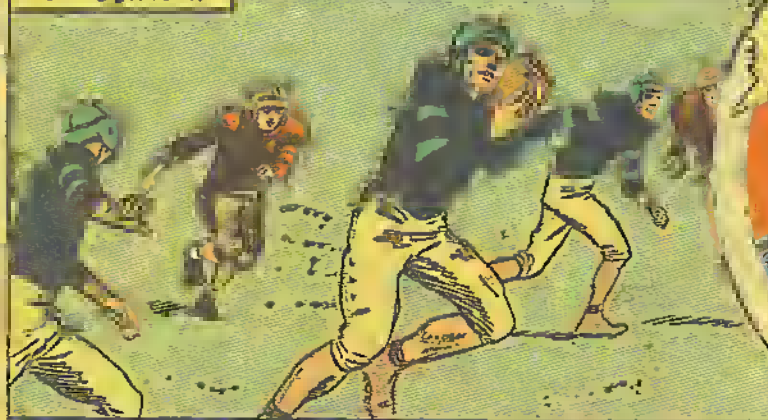
THAT'S THE
19TH FIRST
PLACE RED
HAS WON IN
3 WEEKS!

WHAT SCHOOL YOU GOING
TO THIS FALL, RED? GUESS
YOU'VE LOTS
OF OFFERS!

IT'S
ILLINOIS
FOR ME!



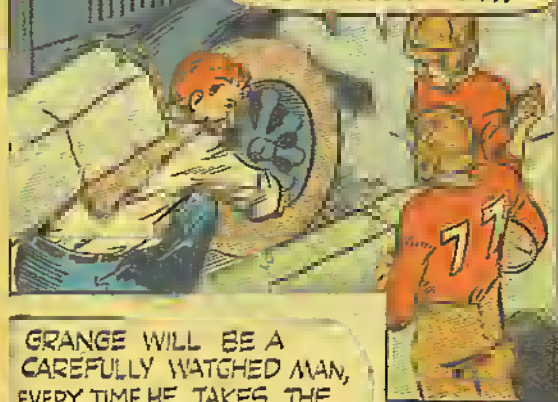
DURING HIS FIRST VARSITY SEASON, RED SCORED 72 POINTS AGAINST TOUGH "BIG TEN" CONFERENCE OPPOSITION.



--ANOTHER TOUCHDOWN FOR GRANGE! I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH LIGHTNING SPEED, SUDDEN SWERVING, BODY-TWISTING, SIDE-STEPPING AND JAW-BREAKING STRAIGHT-ARMING. THAT BOY'S GOT EVERYTHING!



WE CALL OURSELVES THE "GALLOPING GHOSTS," LIKE YOU'RE CALLED. WE WEAR YOUR NO. 77!



THAT SUMMER (1924), A REPORTER INTERVIEWED FIELDING YOST, FAMOUS MICHIGAN COACH---

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT GRANGE WHEN ILLINOIS PLAYS MICHIGAN THIS FALL?



GRANGE WILL BE A CAREFULLY WATCHED MAN, EVERY TIME HE TAKES THE BALL. THERE WILL BE 11 CLEAN, HARD TACKLERS HEADED FOR HIM AT THE SAME TIME!



THE ILLINOIS-MICHIGAN GAME! RED RAN BACK THE KICKOFF 100 YARDS!



RED SCORED 4 TOUCHDOWNS IN TEN MINUTES!

IN 3 GAMES ALONE--AGAINST IOWA, CHICAGO, AND MICHIGAN, RED SCORED 10 TOUCHDOWNS AND CARRIED THE BALL OVER 800 YARDS!



HURRY UP, WILL YOU, FELLOWS! I MAY BE ALL-AMERICAN, BUT I'VE GOT TO WORK FOR A LIVING!

BY THE TIME THE 1925 SEASON STARTED, RED HAD BECOME THE MOST FAMOUS MAN IN AMERICA!

SIGN WITH ME, RED!
I'LL GET YOU \$200 A
WEEK, ON THE
STAGE!

NO. SIGN WITH
ME! I'LL GET YOU
IN THE MOVIES!

THE GRANGES SURE COULD USE
MONEY! BUT I'VE GOT MY OBLIGA-
TIONS TO THE U. OF ILLINOIS. I'M
PLAYING OUT THE SEASON!
COME AROUND THEN!

RED'S LAST GAME WAS AGAINST THE
UNIVERSITY OF PENNA. ILLINOIS WINNING
24-2!

RED JUST THREW
ANOTHER T.D. PASS!
TOO BAD HE'S TURNING
PRO NEXT WEEK!

WHY? HE'S GOT
THE RIGHT TO
MAKE SOME
MONEY!

RED WENT ON AN
EXHIBITION TOUR
AROUND THE COUNTRY!

HERE HE IS, BOYS!
GIVE HIM THE WORKS!

GREEDY MANAGERS CONTRACTED
RED TO PLAY TOO MANY
GAMES.

MY 5th GAME IN 6
DAYS! BOY, I'M TIRED!

IT IS ESTIMATED RED MADE
\$200,000 IN FOOTBALL, AND
\$300,000 FOR MAKING MOVING
PICTURES!

RED GRANGE GAVE
PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL
ITS START. BEFORE HE CAME
INTO ITS RANKS, FORMER
COLLEGE PLAYERS RECEIVED
\$10-\$25 A GAME!

TODAY PRO PLAYERS GET
WELL PAID. THERE IS A
NATIONAL PROFESSIONAL
LEAGUE, AND CROWDS OF
50,000 COME AND SEE THE
GAMES!

BLUEBOLTS and NUTS

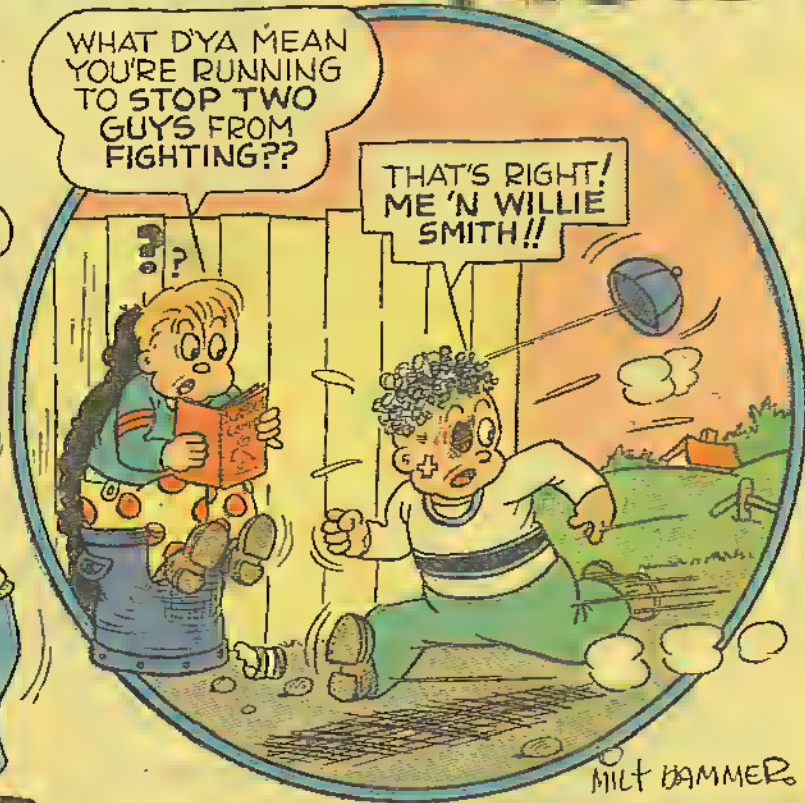
HOW FAR WERE YOU FROM THE RIGHT ANSWER IN HISTORY??

OH, ABOUT THREE SEATS AWAY!!!



WHAT D'YA MEAN YOU'RE RUNNING TO STOP TWO GUYS FROM FIGHTING??

THAT'S RIGHT! ME 'N WILLIE SMITH!!



MILT HAMMER

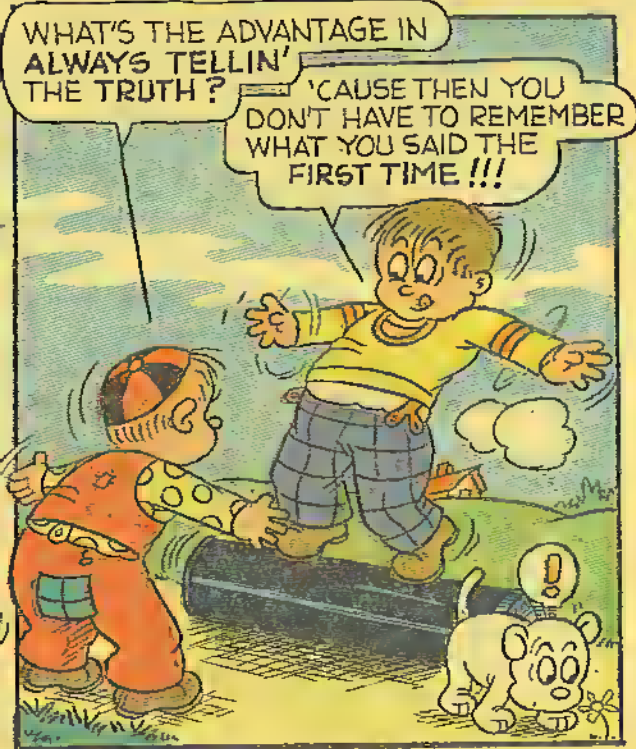
G'WAN-HOW CAN ANYTHING STAY ALIVE IN A FIRE??

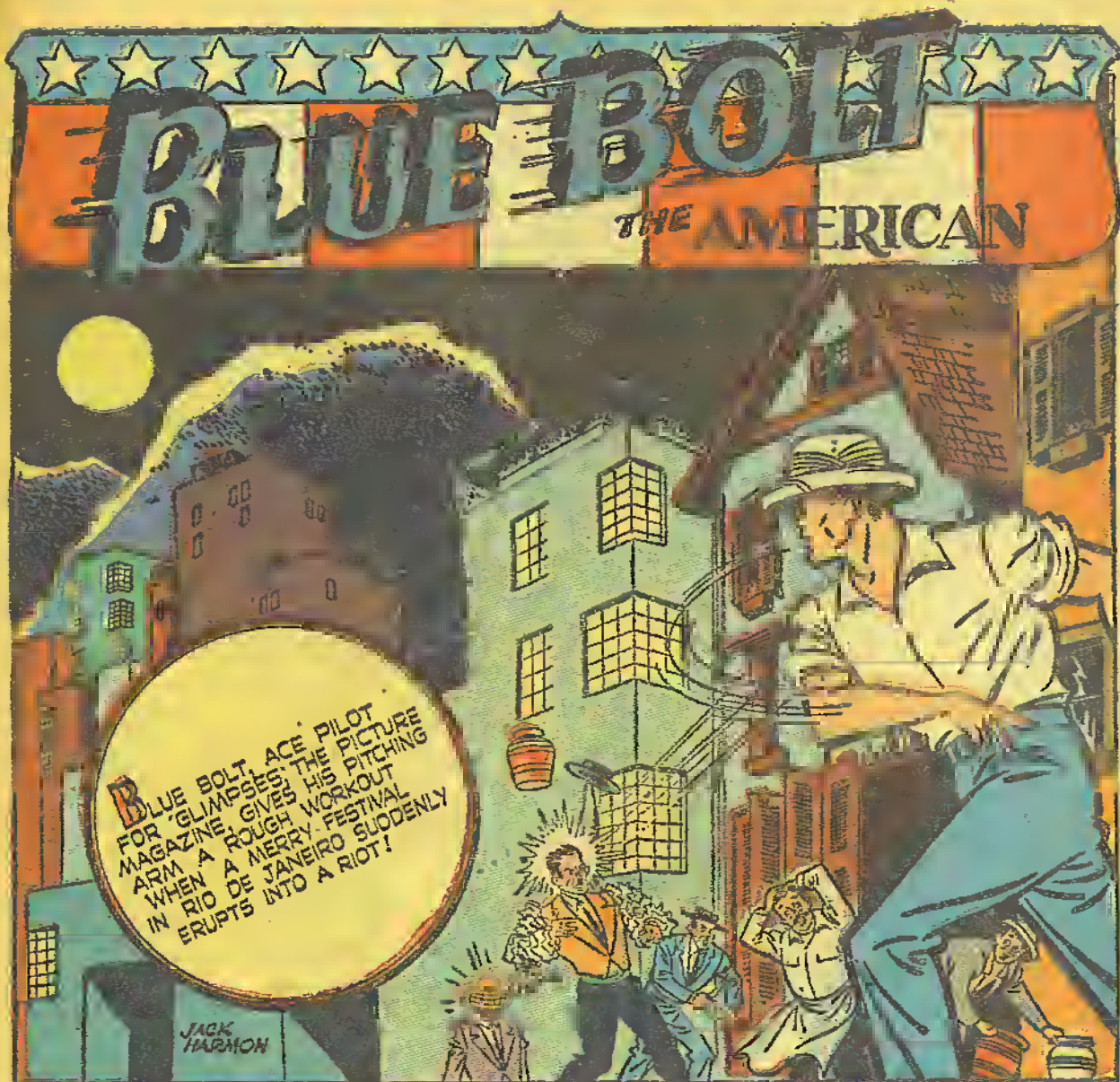
HOW ABOUT LIVE COALS?

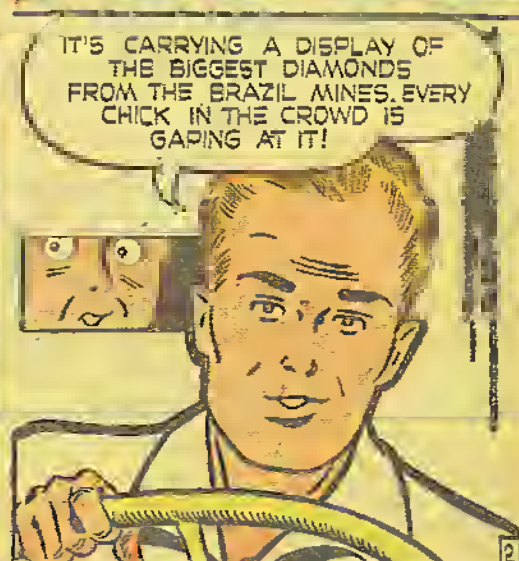
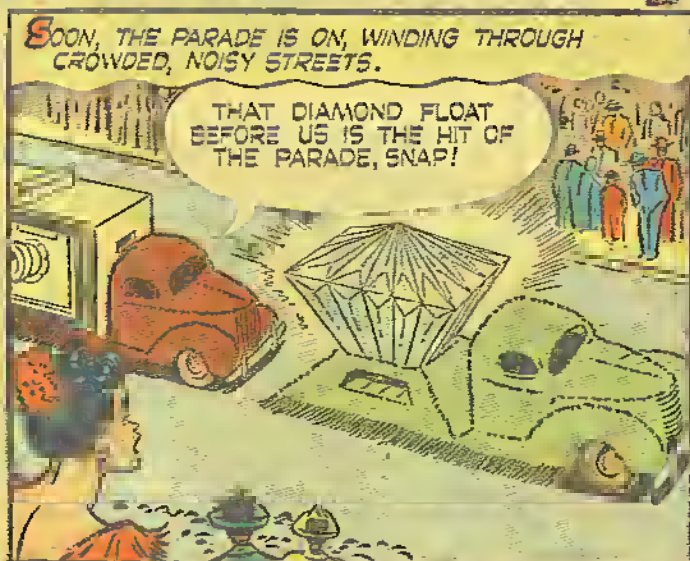


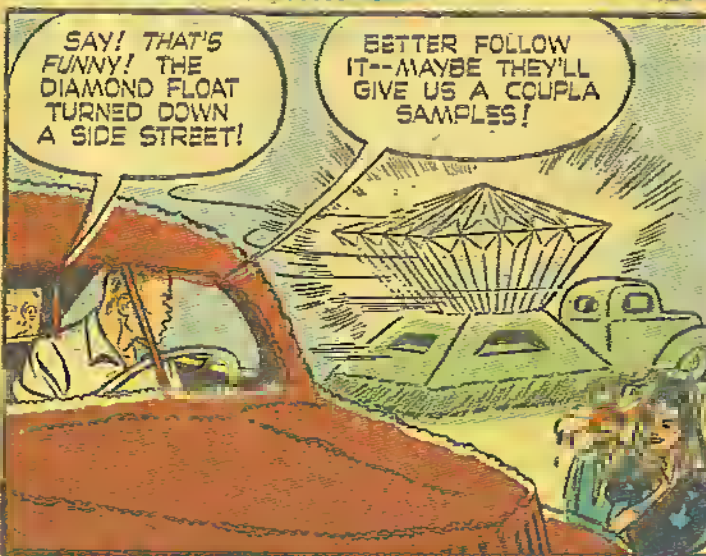
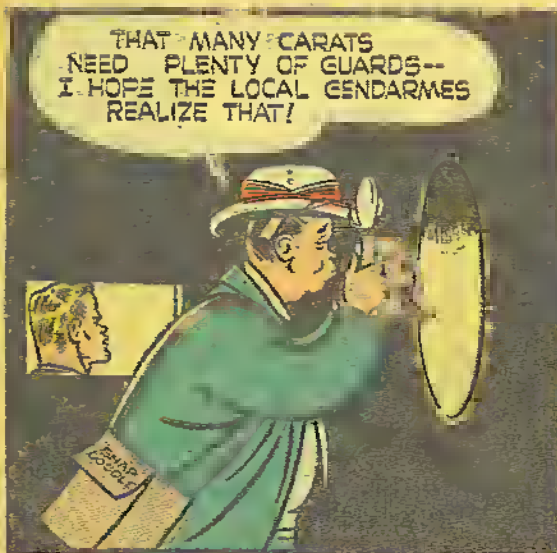
WHAT'S THE ADVANTAGE IN ALWAYS TELLIN' THE TRUTH?

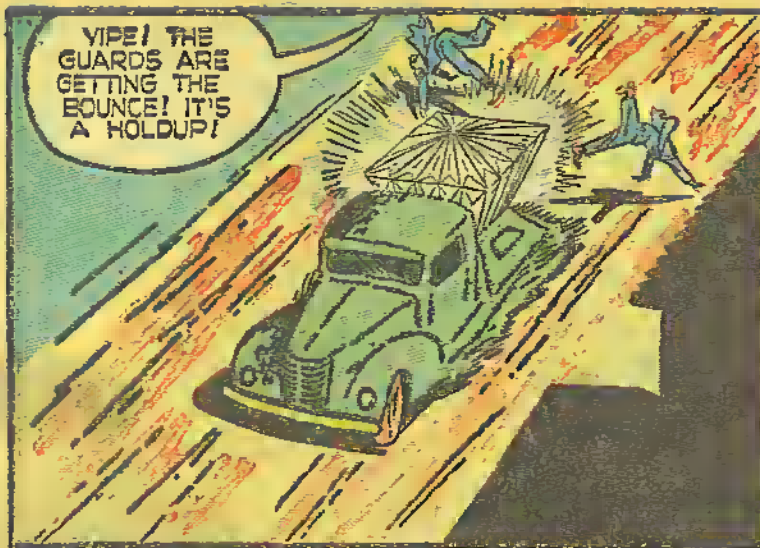
'CAUSE THEN YOU DON'T HAVE TO REMEMBER WHAT YOU SAID THE FIRST TIME!!!











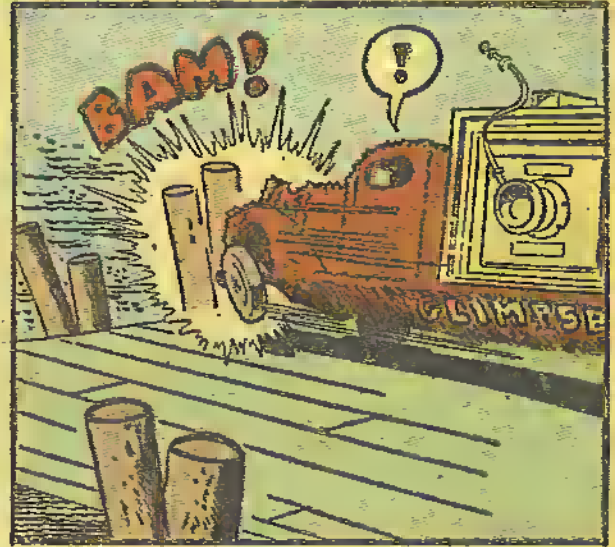
VIPE! THE GUARDS ARE GETTING THE BOUNCE! IT'S A HOLDUP!



THOSE STUBBORN IDIOTS FOLLOW-- THEY WILL REGRET IT!



HOLD TIGHT, SNAP!



WE CAN PIN THE GUILT OF THE ROBBERY ON THESE TWO-- WHO WILL SOON BE DEAD! PUT THEM ON THE DIAMOND FLOAT!

WITH BLUE BOLT AND SNAP ABOARD, THE DIAMOND FLOAT IS SHOWN INTO THE HARBOR.

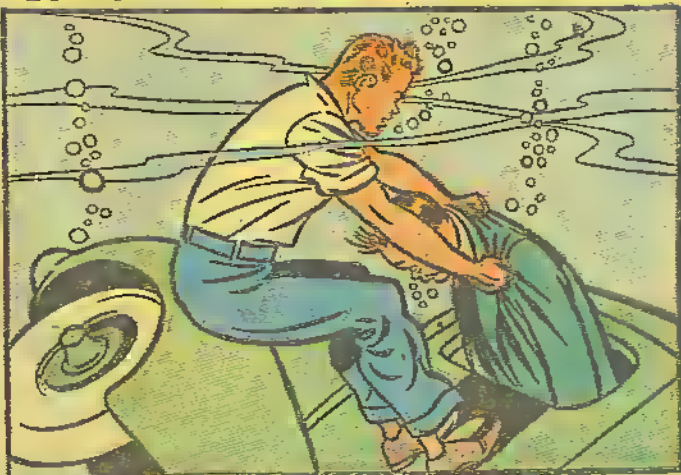


EXCELLENT! WHEN THE POLICE FIND THEIR BODIES-- THEY WILL ASSUME THEY ARE THE THIEVES... AND THAT THE DIAMONDS HAVE SUNK TO THE BOTTOM.

FORTUNATELY--EXCEPT FOR A FEW SMALL STONES I PLANTED ON OUR DROWNING PURSUERS TO MAKE IT LOOK REAL--ALL THE DIAMONDS ARE IN THIS BAG! HOW PLEASANT TO HOLD THE BAG--NO?

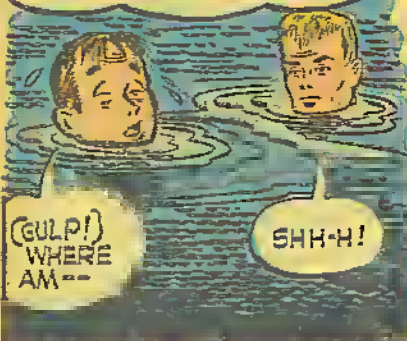


REVIVED BY THE SHOCK OF THE WATER, BLUE BOLT SNAPS INTO ACTION!



A MOMENT LATER--

COME! WE MUST HURRY BACK TO THE FESTIVAL, SO NO ONE WILL CONNECT US WITH THE ROBBERY!



(GULP!) WHERE AM--

SHH-H!

CAREFUL! YOU WILL SMUDGE YOURSELF WITH PAINT FROM THIS SILLY FLOAT!



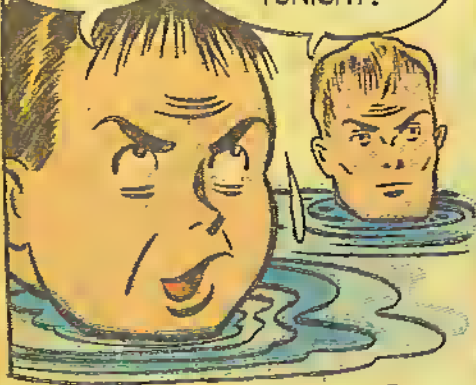
COME! WE GO!

DOGGONE! THAT'S NOT THE REAL GLIMPSES AGENT--THAT GUY'S A CROOK!



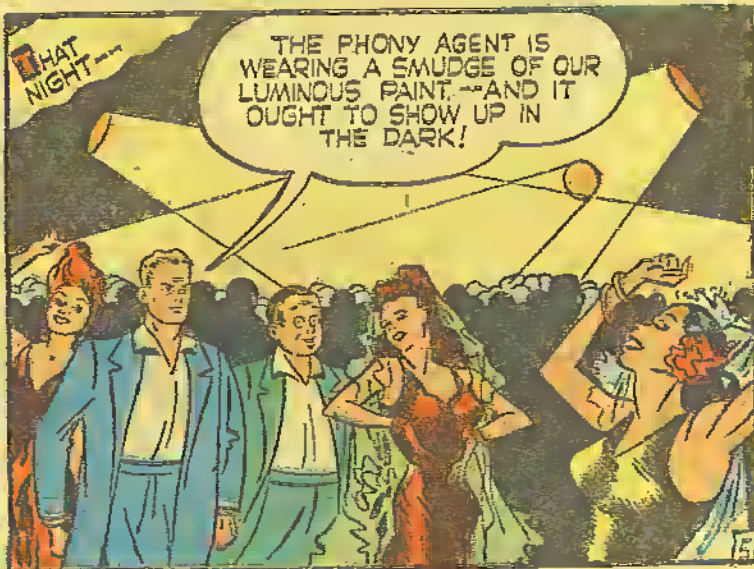
BUT WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE TO LOOK FOR HIM!

NO, BUT I'VE A HUNCH WE'LL BE ABLE TO FIND HIM AT THE CARNIVAL TONIGHT!



THAT NIGHT--

THE PHONY AGENT IS WEARING A SMUDGE OF OUR LUMINOUS PAINT--AND IT OUGHT TO SHOW UP IN THE DARK!



THEY WALK FOR HOURS THROUGH THE GAY THRONGS.

OW! MY POOR FEET! MY ARCHES WILL DROP IF WE DON'T FIND OUR GLOWING FOE SOON!

BLUE BOLT GLANCES DOWN A SIDE STREET AND--

LOOK! A GLOWING SMUDGE! THERE'S THE DIAMOND THIEF!

WHAT?

THEY LIVE--AND HAVE FOUND US! WE MUST KILL THEM!

TRY THIS FOR SIZE, CHUM!

SEÑORS, STOP!

HAVE AN OLD POT, OLD POT!

NOT A BAD FIT!

OLARIA

THE BARRAGE OF POTTERY QUICKLY SUBDUES THE THUGS.

JUST IN TIME TO HAUL THE BODIES AWAY, OFFICERS! AND DON'T FORGET THE DIAMONDS!

DON'T FORGET ZEE CROCKERY! I AM RUIN!

ZEE DIAMONDS! YOU GET ZEE REWARD!

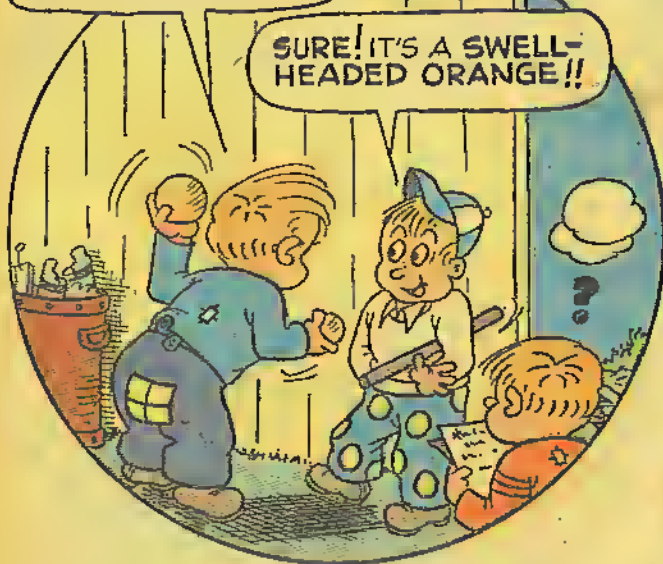
TURN IT OVER TO WAILING WILLY--HE'LL NEED IT FOR NEW STOCK!

NOW MAYBE WE CAN GET SOME SLEEP!

BLUEBOLTS and

CAN YOU DESCRIBE
A GRAPEFRUIT??

SURE! IT'S A SWELL-
HEADED ORANGE!!



HOW COME YER POP
ENLISTED IN THE
FOURTH ARMY?

TO BE NEAR MY
UNCLE WHO'S IN THE
FIFTH ARMY!!



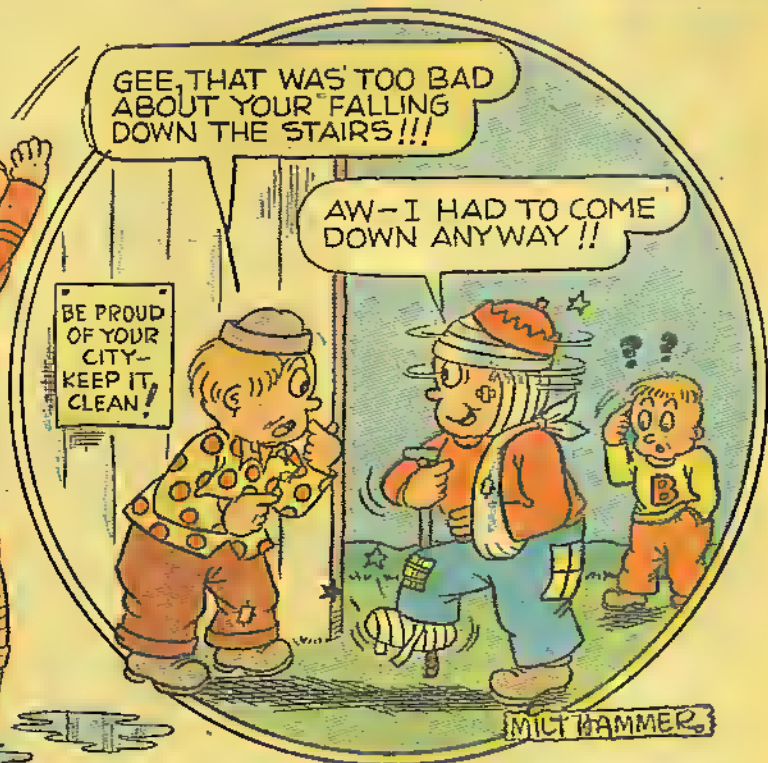
WOT GOOD DEED DID
YOU DO SO FAR
TODAY, HERMIE?

WELL, THERE WAS
COD LIVER OIL
ENOUGH FOR ONLY
ONE OF US THIS
MORNING, SO I
LET MY SISTER
HAVE IT!!!



GEE, THAT WAS TOO BAD
ABOUT YOUR FALLING
DOWN THE STAIRS!!!

AW - I HAD TO COME
DOWN ANYWAY!!



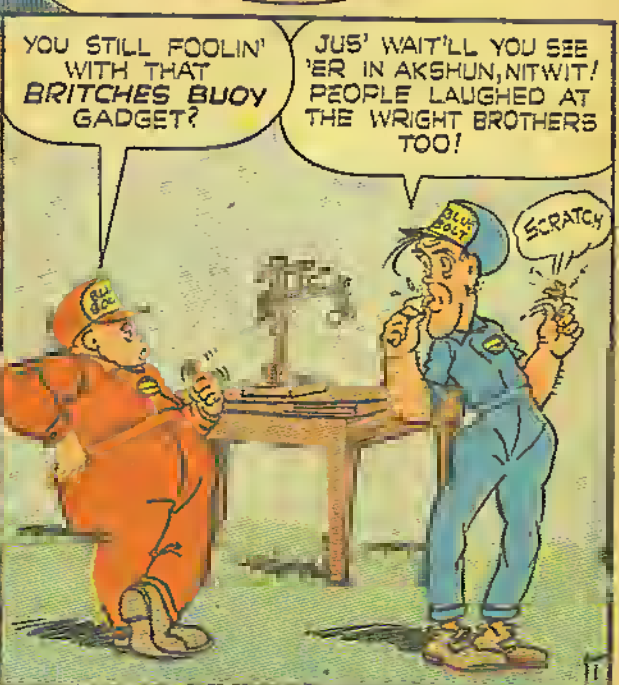
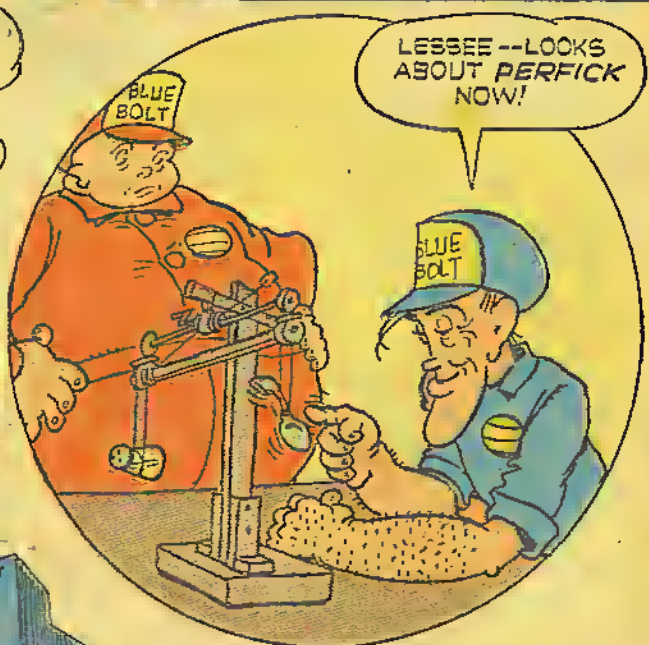
MILT HAMMER

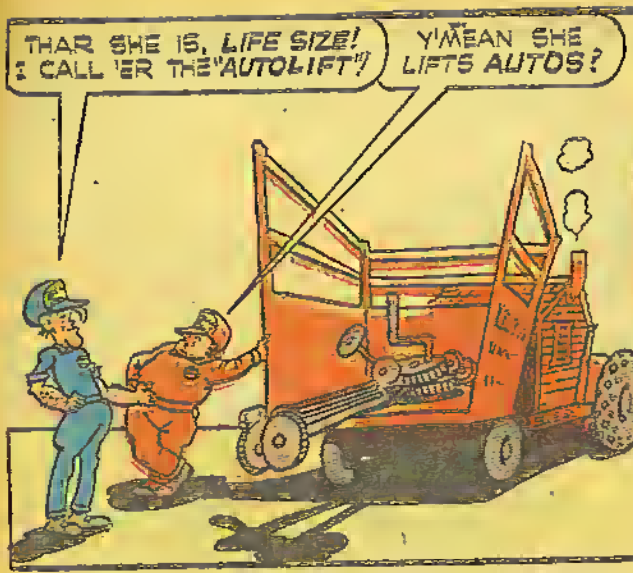
Krisko and Jasper

By
JACK A.
WARREN



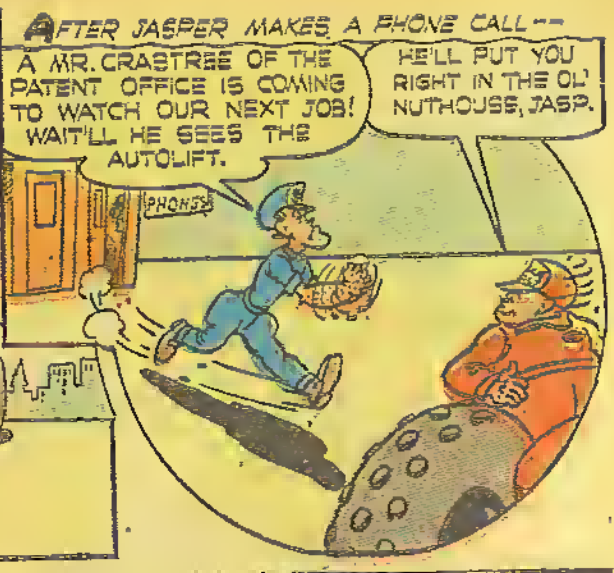
TAKE A LOOK AT JASPER'S NEW INVENTION --- THE "AUTOLIFT" -- THAT DEFIES ALL THE LAWS OF FIZZICKS AND MECHANICKS, EXCEPT THE ONE ABOUT WHAT GOES UP, COMES DOWN!





THAT SHE IS, LIFE SIZE!
I CALL 'ER THE "AUTOLIFT"!

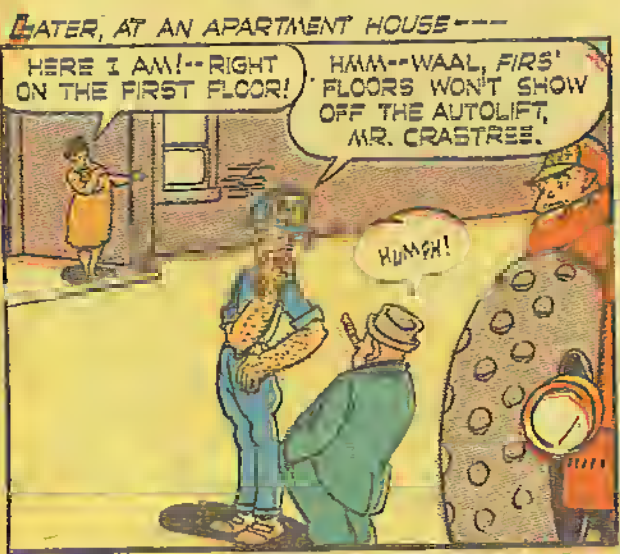
Y'MEAN SHE
LIFTS AUTOS?



AFTER JASPER MAKES A PHONE CALL --

A MR. CRASTREE OF THE
PATENT OFFICE IS COMING
TO WATCH OUR NEXT JOB!
WAIT'LL HE SEES THE
AUTOLIFT.

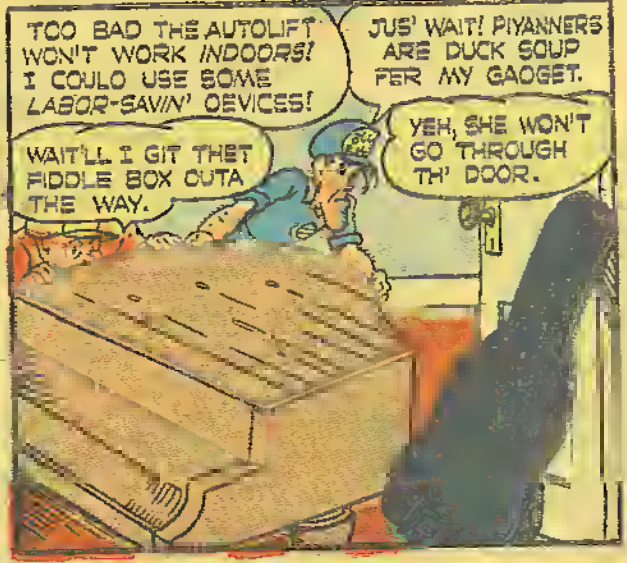
HE'LL PUT YOU
RIGHT IN THE OL'
NUTHOUSE, JASP.



HERE I AM!-- RIGHT
ON THE FIRST FLOOR!

HMM--WAAL, FIRS'
FLOORS WON'T SHOW
OFF THE AUTOLIFT,
MR. CRASTREE.

HUMPH!

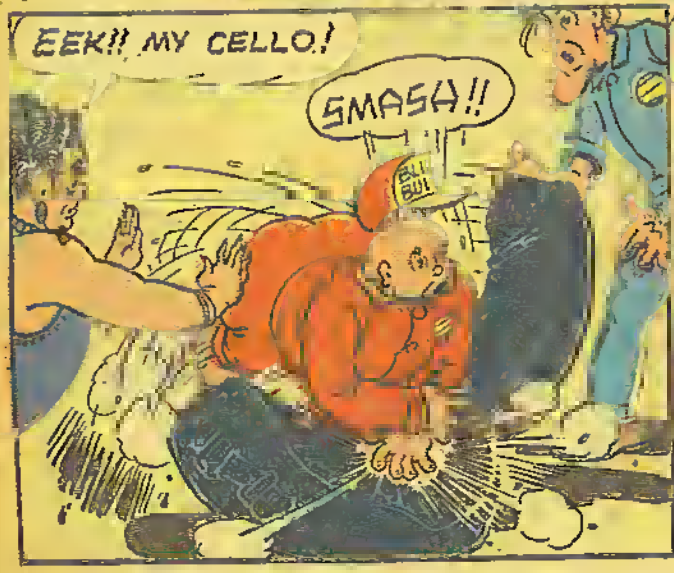


TOO BAD THE AUTOLIFT
WON'T WORK INDOORS!
I COULD USE SOME
LABOR-SAVIN' DEVICES!

JUS' WAIT! PIYANNERS
ARE DUCK SOUP
FER MY GAOGET.

WAIT'LL I GIT THET
FIDDLE BOX OUTA
THE WAY.

YEH, SHE WON'T
GO THROUGH
TH' DOOR.



EEK!! MY CELLO!

SMASH!!



THET WARN'T
JELLO, MA'AM--

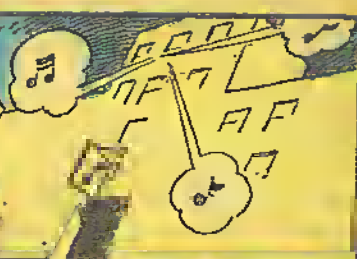
YOU
CLUMSY
CLOWN!



MAN, THAT FEMALE
WALRUS PACKS
A WALLOP!

PULL
OUTA IT,
POTNER!

GO SEE IF POOPOOSHKI IS
READY. I'M MOVE OUT, 'CAUSE
MISS TRILLITT'S MOVIN' IN!



AH-AH-AH-EE--
EEE-EEE-EE

HMM-MMM! DON'T LOOK
LIKE HE'S MOVIN' OUT!



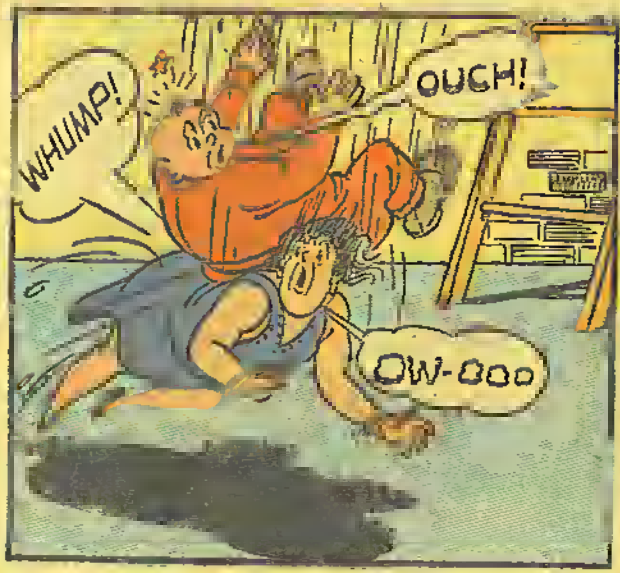
MME. LILY
PONSTRONK
IVAN
POOPOOSHKI
At Piano

WHAT ON
EARTH!



OOP!--
SORRY,
POTNER.

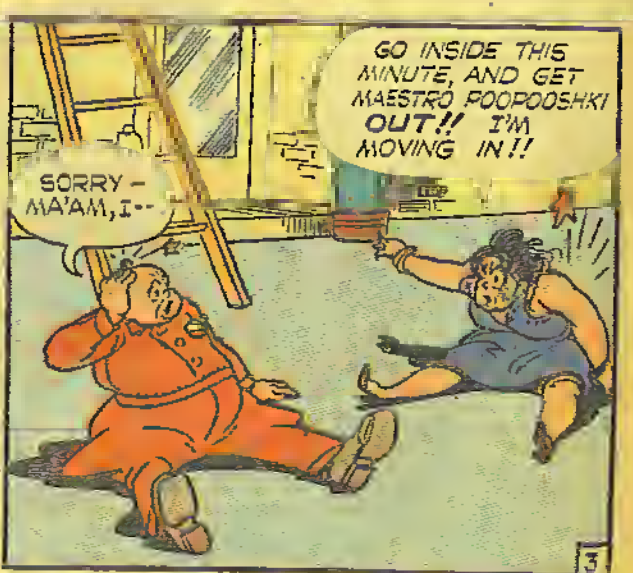
KONK!



WHUMP!

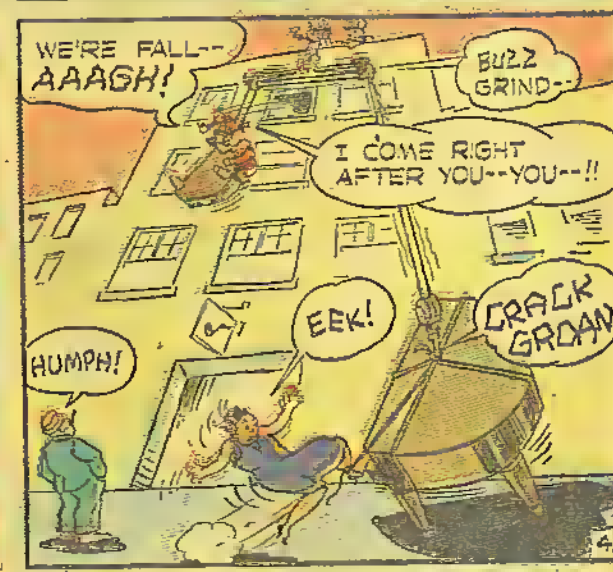
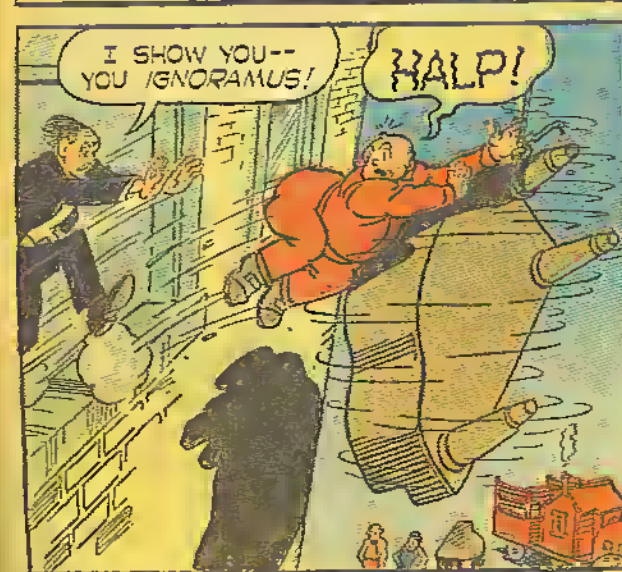
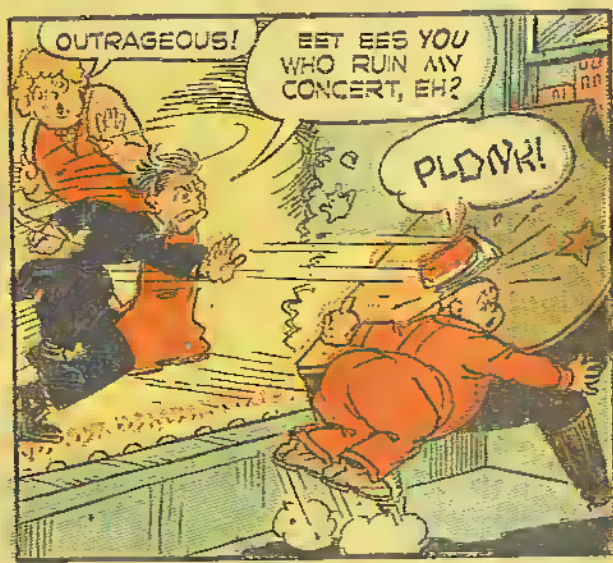
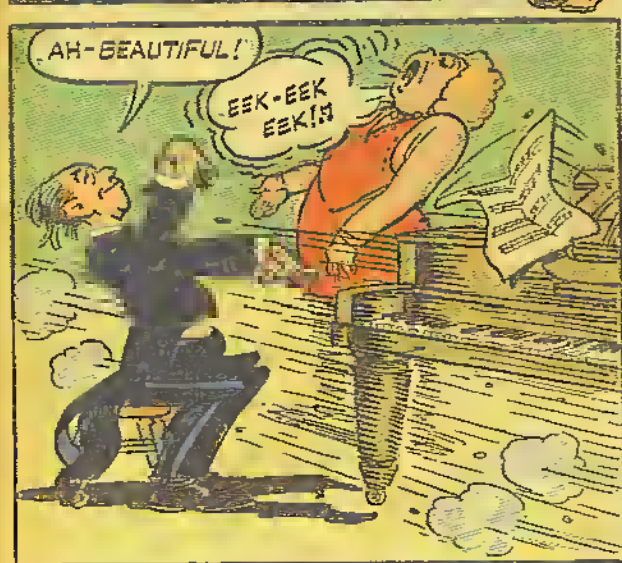
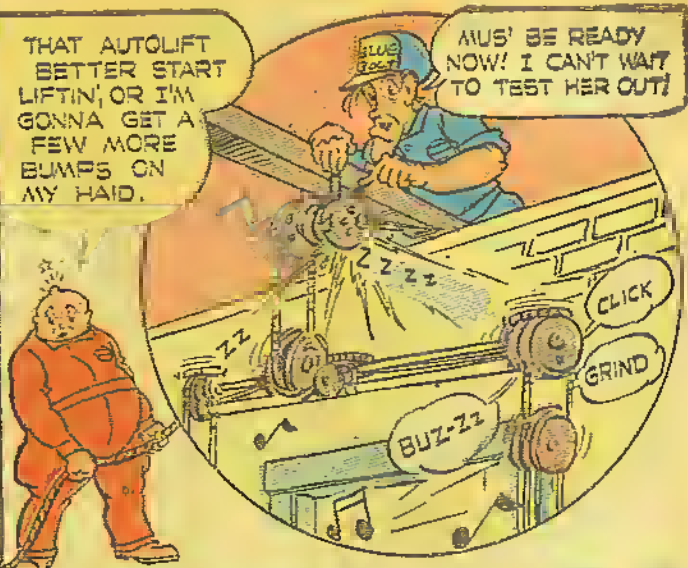
OUCH!

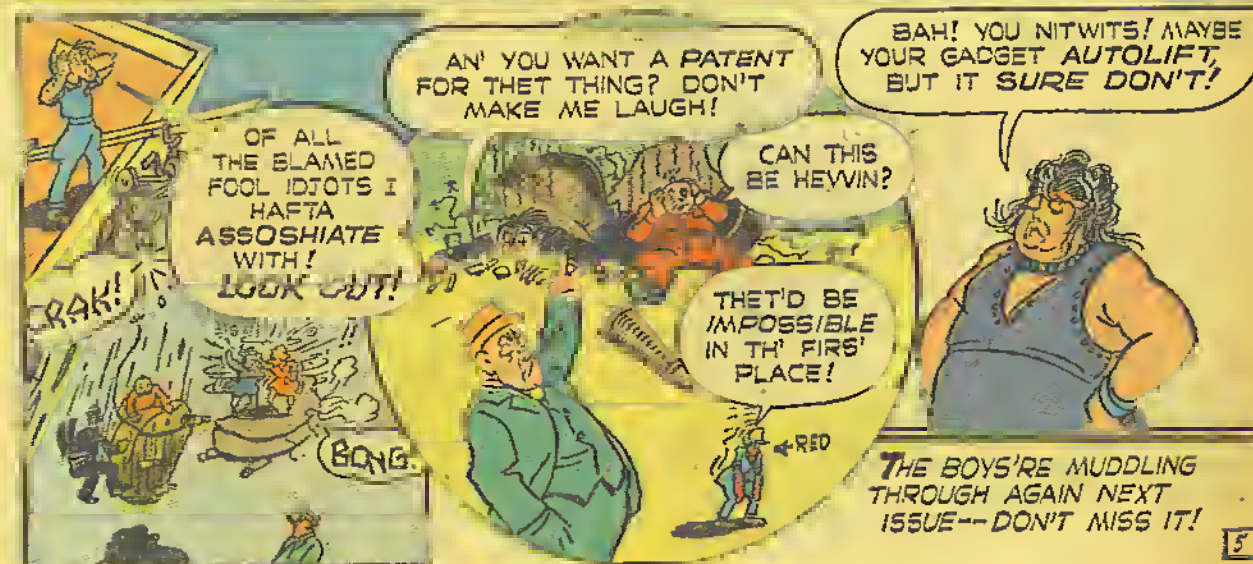
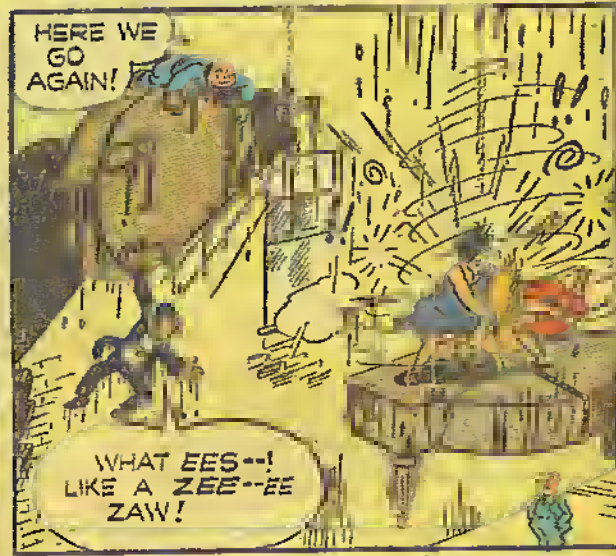
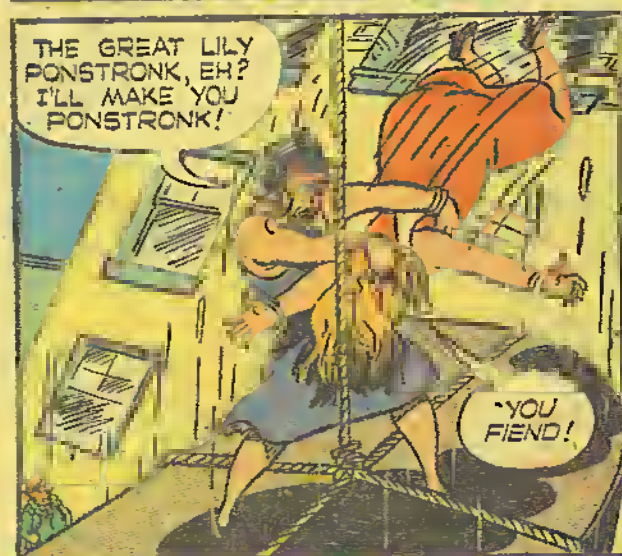
OW-OOO



SORRY -
MA'AM, I--

GO INSIDE THIS
MINUTE, AND GET
MAESTRO POOPOOSHKI
OUT!! I'M
MOVING IN!!





BOITRAM THE BOIGLAR

I'LL TRY ME HAND
AT SNATCHIN' POISES
AN' PICKIN' POCKETS
FER A CHANGE..

ROAD TO RUIN



JUST LIKE
TAKIN' CANDY
FROM A
BABY!



STOP, THIEF!

HE MUST
MEAN ME!



WHAT'S
YOUR
HURRY
?

YER
GUESS IS
AS GOOD AS
MINE!



...AND WHERE
DID YOU GET ALL
THAT DOUGH?

HUH!.. IT
MUSTA **STUCK**
TO ME!



'WELL, YOU JUST
COME ALONG AND
STICK WITH ME!

..THEY'RE MAKIN'
HANDCUFFS LONGER
LATELY, I NOTICE!



